Newport Mercury.

HOPE

THE OLDEST PAPER IN AMERICA. ESTABLISHED BY FRANKLIN 1758.

VOLUME CLI.—NO. 29. NEWPORT, R. I., DECEMBER 26, 1908. WHOLE NUMBER 8,462.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

182 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 266, Order Sons of St. George—Albert Beakhust, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees — Nelson R. Duby, Commander; Charles H. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6079, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dence, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—John T. Allan, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. Timothy J. Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Danahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 93, N. E. O. P.—Mrs. William D. Tew, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—John W. Schwars, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; James C. Walsh, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Christmas Day.

Christmas this year comes on Friday, and to many this means a three days' holiday, for many manufacturing establishments in the big cities will not open at all on Saturday, giving their employees a vacation from Thursday night till Monday morning. In consequence there are a large number of sons and daughters of Newport who will remain here until next Monday. Most of the young Newporters who are at school or college have returned for the holidays, and many of them will remain until the new year comes in. There have been many family reunions for the holiday season.

No formal programme was arranged for the observance of the day. Special services had been arranged at the churches, especially those of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal denomination, but the Sunday school festivals will generally go over until next week.

On Thursday the members of Newport Lodge of Elks made their annual distribution of turkey dinners, coal and other gifts for those unable to supply themselves. It was a busy day for the workers in the order, and although there were plenty of volunteers there was enough for all of them to do. Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt sent in a number of teams to assist in the distribution and he also contributed a generous sum of money to the cause, as did a number of the other summer residents. Newport business men had contributed liberally and the order encountered little difficulty in raising the funds for their gifts.

This year the distribution was even larger than last. More than 1000 complete dinners were sent out, including turkey and every one of the usual "fixings." In addition to this there was an immense quantity of coal distributed in lots of different size, and the poor children were remembered with gifts of toys, which, although their cost was not great, brought joy to many youthful hearts. The headquarters of the Christmas committee in J. K. Sullivan's building on Thames street resembled a large wholesale grocery in the midst of its rush season.

The Christmas spirit has been everywhere manifested in Newport and holiday wreaths and greens are much in evidence. The stores have had a busy season, and many gifts have been purchased. The wintry weather has helped to give a seasonable aspect but it somewhat interfered with the closing days of the [illegible]

Municipal Inauguration.

The inauguration of the new city government will take place on Monday, January 4, at noon. At that time the new members of the representative council will be sworn into office and the council will organize by the election of a president and city clerk. The oath of office will be administered to Mayor-elect Patrick J. Boyle, who will in turn swear in the members of the board of aldermen. The new Mayor will then deliver his inaugural address, after which the aldermen will withdraw to their own chamber for organization.

The principal interest in the first meeting of the council will center in the election of officers which will probably take place in the evening. It is possible that a short session may be held during the afternoon to dispose of routine matters in order to leave the evening session for the long struggle of electing officers, which it is admitted will take much time. On each of the previous annual meetings the council has set far into the night, and there is no reason to suppose that this year will be any exception to the rule.

The principal offices to be filled, with the present incumbents, are as follows:

City clerk, F. N. Fullerton, $1,800.

City treasurer, John M. Taylor, $1,800.

Street commissioner, Jeremiah K. Sullivan, $1,500.

City Solicitor, Clark Burdick, $1,500.

Judge of Probate, John C. Burke, $1,000.

Probate Clerk, Duncan A. Hazard, $1,200.

City Engineer, William H. Lawton, $1,000.

Assessor of Taxes for three years, John E. O'Neill, $400.

Collector of Taxes, Henry W. Cozzens, $1,500.

City Physician, Dr. John H. Sanborn, $1,200.

City Sergeant and City Messenger, William H. Westcott, $1,000.

Overseers of the Poor, Robert Kerr, Edward S. Peckham, James B. Cottrell.

Keeper of City Asylum, Ira W. Wilbor, $800.

License Commissioner for three years, John Mahan, $200.

Board of Health for five years, Dr. Philip E. Clark.

Inspector of Plumbing, Robert L. Oman, $1,200.

Inspector of Nuisances, George C. Shaw, $900.

Harbor Master, Patrick H. Welch, $600.

Assistant Engineer of the Fire Department for four years, Edward T. Bosworth, $100.

Inspector of Kerosene, Thomas W. Freeborne, fees.

Dog Constable, Cassius U. Hallock, fees.

Commissioner of Newport School Fund for three years, Jeremiah W. Horton.

Fence Viewer, Mortimer D. Sullivan.

Pound Keeper, Henry C. Johnson, fees.

Superintendent of City Cemeteries, Bowen B. Sweet, fees.

Gate Keeper at Elm and Fourth streets, William H. Ackers, $600.

Gate Keeper at Poplar and Fourth streets, William H. H. Barker, $600.

In addition to the above there will be a long list of auctioneers, etc., to elect but probably without contest.

Hon. Robert S. Burlingame will probably be elected president of the council, although there will be other candidates.

As far as now appears City Clerk Fullerton and City Treasurer Taylor will not meet with opposition, and the next office for which there will be a contest will be that of street commissioner. Mr. Sullivan will be a candidate for re-election and other names mentioned in connection with the office are former street commissioners William Hamilton and James McLeish.

City Solicitor Clark Burdick has said that he will not be a candidate for re-election and there will be at least three men after the place, Messrs. William R. Harvey, Max Levy, and one other. There will also probably be a contest for the office of Judge of Probate, and several names have been mentioned as aspirants for the city physician's position.

One of the most hotly contested positions will be that of member of the board of license commissioners for three years. Mr. John Mahan is a candidate for re-election but there will probably be at least a half-dozen other names mentioned and undoubtedly there will be a number of ballots required for election. For harbor master too there will be a lively contest. There are many candidates in the field, and several of them have ample qualifications for the position, being thoroughly familiar with their duties and with boating in general.

Miss Emily Diman of St. George's School, is in Providence with her sister, Miss Louise Diman.

Rev. and Mrs. Henry N. Jeter celebrated the 38th anniversary of their marriage on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Howland S. Stedman of Schenectady, N. Y., are visiting relatives in this city.

Colonel and Mrs. DeLancey Kane are spending the holidays in New Rochelle, N. Y.

Superior Court.

The December session of the Superior Court for Newport County came to a close this week, after quite a good deal of business had been transacted. There were not perhaps quite as many jury trials as at some previous sessions, but considerable progress was made in disposing of cases on the docket. One important step forward was that taken by the attorney general in clearing the docket of many of the old criminal cases that might just as well have been removed some time ago.

On Monday there was nothing for the court to do, but on Tuesday there was a jury trial, Mrs. Ann Donnelly vs W. Starr Miller. This was an action to recover damages for injuries alleged to have been received by being knocked down by the defendant's automobile. The amount asked was $500. Messrs. Nolan and Sullivan represented the plaintiff, and Messrs. Sheffield and Harvey the defendant.

Witnesses were called to show that plaintiff was knocked down and injured by the defendant's automobile, the accident occurring in front of D. E. Young's store on Thames street on July 23, 1908, the car being driven by the chauffeur named Oest. Mr. Miller was not in the car at the time.

The defense was to the effect that the car was not engaged in the owner's business at the time of the accident, but that the chauffeur was riding in it for his own amusement and without authority. Many witnesses were heard, the principal effort being made by both sides in regard to this point, the lawyers arguing the matter in their pleas, and the judge discussing it in his summing up.

The case was given to the jury Tuesday afternoon and after being out but a short time they reported a verdict for the plaintiff for $497.90.

Naval collier Sterling, which arrived at Bradford on Tuesday with a cargo of coal, was on Thursday ordered to proceed at once to Cuba with her cargo. The work of unloading was stopped and Thursday afternoon the collier passed out of the bay on her way south. It is supposed that the orders are in connection with the sailing of the battleships Maine and North Carolina which are supposed to be headed for Venezuela. The orders created somewhat of a sensation in naval circles.

The members of Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T., have sent to Rev. Dr. Aquilla Webb, who was the associate prelate of the Commandery while here, an elegant solid gold Knight Templar's watch charm, as a Christmas gift. It is one of the finest of its kind and shows the affection and esteem in which the reverend gentleman is held by his brethen in this city. Rev. Dr. Webb sent a most feeling and appropriate response to the members and to the people in Newport in general.

The funeral of the late Mr. William Yates, who died on Thursday of last week, took place Sunday afternoon from his late residence on Thames street, Rev. Emery H. Porter, D. D., rector of Emmanuel Church, officiating. There was a large attendance of relatives and friends.

Mrs. Alma E. Brown, wife of James H. Brown, died at her residence on Carey street Wednesday morning, after a long illness. Funeral services were held from the United Congregational Church on Thursday, Rev. James Austin Richards officiating.

Among the Newporters who are at home for Christmas are Louis Nissen, James Frame, Charles Stratford, Leo Nolan and Edward Wyman Higbee, Jr., from Dartmouth, and Miss Marguerite E. Higbee from Smith College.

Hon. Robert S. Franklin is rapidly regaining his normal state of health after his long and serious illness. He is able to be out doors when the weather is good and will be ready to resume his legislative duties when the General Assembly meets in January.

Mrs. Alice P. Clark Rogers, wife of Mr. Christopher Howe Rogers, who recently died in Methuen, Mass., was a daughter of the late Paymaster Frank H. Clark, U. S. N., formerly stationed at the Torpedo Station in this city.

Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, O. E. S., will give a whist and dance on Thursday evening, December 31, in Masonic Hall. Whist will be played for several hours followed by dancing until midnight.

J. B. Parsonage & Son, agents for the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, have paid the death benefit of the late Benjamin F. Bliss to his sister, Miss Elizabeth F. Bliss.

Mr. Samuel Cottrell, son of ex-Mayor Robert C. Cottrell, who was operated on at the Newport Hospital on Monday for appendicitis, is gaining as rapidly as can be expected.

The condition of Dr. William T. Bull [illegible]

Inauguration Program.

OFFICE OF THE SHERIFF
of the County of Providence.

The following programme for the Inaugural Ceremonies of the State Government, Tuesday, January the Fifth, 1909, is hereby announced:

The Honorable Senate and House of Representatives will meet in their respective chambers for organization at twelve o'clock noon, in accordance with law.

Upon completion of this duty the Honorable Senate will unite with the House of Representatives for the Inauguration of the State Government for the ensuing year.

In accordance with the ancient and time-honored custom, the Honorable Speaker of the House will, upon the taking of the oath of office by the Governor and General Officers elect, direct that proclamation of the same be made from the balcony of the State House.

Upon the announcement of the officers elected for the ensuing year, a governor's salute of seventeen guns will be fired by Light Battery A, R. I. N. G., from the State House grounds.

The west gallery of the House of Representatives will be thrown open to the public for the purpose of witnessing the ceremonies of the Inauguration.

Upon the completion of the ceremonies a dinner will be served to the members of the General Assembly and invited guests. Each member of the Legislature will receive two tickets, one for himself and one for his wife or a guest, without which admittance to the hall cannot be secured, as the seats at table will be limited to that number.

Upon the conclusion of the Inaugural ceremonies the Governor and General Officers will hold a public reception at the State House, and in the evening from eight until ten o'clock the Governor will hold a reception, to which the citizens of the State are invited.

HUNTER C. WHITE,
Sheriff of the County of Providence.

Rev. William B. Meenan, pastor of St. Mary's church, observed the 30th anniversary of his ordination and the tenth year of his pastorate at St. Mary's Parish on Monday. A mass was held in the church in the morning with Rev. Father Meenan as celebrant, assisted by Rev. Fathers Reddy and Tierney. The children of the parish assisted in the singing of the hymns. Mr. Thomas B. Connolly sang "O Salutaris" during the mass. Father Meenan received many congratulations throughout the day from friends far and near.

The usual Christmas observance of Washington Commandery was held at noon on Friday. Toasts were drunk to the Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of the United States, Rev. Henry W. Rugg, D. D., and to other high officials. The exercises were under the management of Em. Sir Robert W. Curry, Commander of Washington Commandery.

Early Sunday evening a lounge was discovered on fire in the rear of Mr. T. J. Murphy's on Mill street. The blaze was quickly extinguished, thus preventing any serious damage.

Mr. and Mrs. Coomer A. Easterbrooks entertained friends at their home on Walnut street Saturday evening in honor of Mrs. Easterbrook's birthday.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander J. Anderson are spending the Christmas holidays in Washington, guests of Mrs. Anderson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Tiffany.

The MERCURY Almanac will be ready for distribution on January 1st. The carriers will deliver them to their customers as the New Year's greeting.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Harriett Nowell Cottrell, daughter of ex-Mayor Robert C. Cottrell, to Mr. Ralph R. Barker, Jr.

Lee Young, one of the oldest Chinese residents of Newport, accompanied by his mother, Hop Gong, has gone to China to visit his relatives.

Professor Alice Frances Higbee of Bethany College, Topeka, Kansas, is spending Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Higbee.

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt are spending the Christmas holidays at Sandy Point Farm, where they are entertaining friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Cunningham have gone to Boston to reside, Mr. Cunningham being employed at the navy yard in that city.

A number of low-relief portraits of the late Bishop Henry C. Potter has been made by Mr. W. Clark Noble, of New York.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who has just returned from Europe, will spend the remainder of the winter in New York.

The public schools closed on Wednesday for the Christmas holidays, [illegible]

Recent Deaths.

Daniel P. Bull.

Mr. Daniel P. Bull died at the private hospital of Dr. R. E. Darrah on Friday evening after a brief illness. He submitted to an operation on Thursday for the removal of a cancerous growth on the jaw, and although there was at first hope for his recovery he soon began to fail and passed away the next evening. He had suffered from the ailment for some time but had not regarded it as serious until too late for an operation to aid him.

Mr. Bull was one of the well known residents of the city, and had a host of warm friends. He was of a quiet and retiring nature, simple in his tastes, but a man upon whom dependence could be placed at all times. His chief pleasures were derived from the associations in the fraternal organizations of which he was a member and an active worker. He was a charter member of Redwood Lodge, No. 11, Knights of Pythias, and had held a number of important offices, being for several years keeper of records and seals. Much of his leisure time had been devoted to the interests of the order, he being equally loyal to the lodge during its periods of prosperity and its periods of temporary depression. He was also a charter member of Davis Division, Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias.

Another organization in which he took great interest was Weenat Shassit Tribe of Red Men, having been one of the earliest members of the tribe that preceded it, and was subsequently merged with it, and being a past Sachem of the order. He was one of the original members of the Newport Light Infantry, a militia company that was founded soon after the close of the Civil War.

Mr. Bull was a son of the late John Bull and a brother of Mary T. and Phebe C. Bull. He worked for a time in the MERCURY Office, where he learned the printer's trade. Of late however he had been in charge of the engine at the Diamond Ice Company's plant in the old gas works. He was at one time engaged in the practice of law in Newport and had been admitted to the bar.

Funeral services were held at his sisters' residence on Bull street on Sunday afternoon and were attended by a large number of relatives and friends. Although the organizations of which he was a member did not turn out as a body they were represented by a large number of members. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes officiated and the bearers were Everett I. Gorton, George H. Ellis, James H. Hampton, Louis Scott, Robert Foster, Charles Childs and Herbert Barker.

The Earl of Granard, whose engagement to Miss Beatrice Mills was recently announced, is spending the holidays in New York, guest of his fiancee's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills. Next Monday evening a dinner will be tendered the Earl and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Mr. Stephen A. Potter was operated on in Providence last week for an abscess on the brain. He is a member of the firm of Scannevin & Potter, and was formerly a resident of Newport.

Christmas Day Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bickerton celebrated their golden wedding at their home in Pawtucket. They were formerly residents of Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. Packer Braman are spending the Christmas holidays with Mrs. Braman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Comstock in Stonington, Conn.

Mr. Center Hitchcock, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, and brother of Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., died in New York on Wednesday.

Mrs. David Stevens and Miss Katharine M. Stevens are spending Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Corbin in New Haven.

The Misses Gertrude and Helen Sullivan have returned from New York, the latter being a student at the Newark Seminary.

Mr. William H. Crandall celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth at his home on Church street Sunday.

Mr. William S. Pitman, physical director of the Baltimore Y. M. C. A., is spending his holiday vacation with his family here.

Miss Rosamond Langley of Wellesley College is guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Langley.

Mr. and Mrs. Orrin M. Alger, of Washington, D. C., are here for the holidays.

Mrs. Adolph Ladenburg and Miss Eugenie Ladenburg are spending the winter in Cannes.

Dr. William R. Howard is confined to his home by illness.

Mrs. Henry Clews has returned from [illegible]

Board of Aldermen.

The weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening this week, instead of Thursday evening in order that the creditors and employes of the city might have their money before Christmas. There was not a great deal of business to be transacted, but the payrolls of the various departments and the bills for the end of the year were approved. One application for a peddler's license and one for an eating house license were granted. The monthly report of the street commissioner was received.

Bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations as follows:

Board of Health,	$1,271 [illegible]
Books, Stationery and Printing,	81 96
City Asylum,	777 [illegible]
Fire Department,	1,350 26
Incidentals,	[illegible] 54
Lighting Streets,	2,378 [illegible]
Ocean avenue seawall	8 00
A. Touro Synagogue Fund,	30 17
Coggeshall burial fund	38 12
Poor Department,	196 [illegible]
Police	[illegible] 13
Public Buildings,	417 79
Public Schools,	12,757 17
Public Schools, special,	[illegible]
Streets and Highways,	4,047 62
Tuberculosis Hospital,	626 74
Ward meetings,	61 79
Total	$26,413 [illegible]

Aldermen Anthony and Shepley were appointed a committee to inquire into the city's windmill and water tank at Bailey's Beach, which the Spouting Rock Beach Association would like to have removed in order to improve the appearance of the property.

Major and Mrs. J. C. Mallery will not close their Newport cottage, but occupy it for the winter.

Miss Margaret Carroll, who has been ill at the Newport Hospital, is improving.

Mr. Aurel Batonyi has returned from New York.

Middletown.

Court of Probate.—The regular session of the Court of Probate for the month of December was held at the Town Hall on Monday afternoon, when the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Robert J. Grinnell. The first, and final account of Joseph A. Peckham, his administrator, was examined, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of William H. Bradley, formerly of Brookline, Mass. The petition of his executrix, Grace B. Keep, to have filed and recorded an exemplified copy of his will and for letters testamentary on his estate in Rhode Island was granted. Executrix required to give a personal bond in the sum of $100.

Estate of William C. Simmons. Petition of Charles H. Ward, Administrator de bonis non, for permission to sell property at private sale was granted.

Estate of William Bailey. An inventory is returned by Mary S. Bailey and Elizabeth E. Underwood, his Executrixes, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Clark Henry Congdon. The second account of H. Battey Congdon, Guardian, and his communication resigning his trust of guardianship are continued to the third Monday in January, pending the appointment of a new Guardian.

H. Battey Congdon gives notice of his claim of appeal to the Superior Court, from the decree of the Probate Court entered on the sixteenth day of November 1908, appointing Daniel J. Congdon, Guardian, and that he also claims a Jury trial.

IN TOWN COUNCIL—The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid: For highways, Peckham Brothers, crushed stone, $464.16; Joseph P. Cotton, crushed stone, $211.56; Elmer B. Sisson, new roadbed in Oliphant lane, $854.00; William S. Caswell, new roadbed in Vernon avenue, $215.60; William S. Caswell, for general repairs, $28.00; Nathan B. Brown, general repairs, $77.15; William G. Brown, carting crushed stone on to Green End avenue, $115.80; carting gravel on to Wyatt road, $14.60; William G. Brown general repairs, $15.40; Elisha A. Peckham, re-laying bridges, $14.80; Total on highways, $1500.00; T. T. Pitman, advertising for proposals for painting town hall and warrant for the special election held December 4, $22.00; Herald Publishing Company, advertising for proposals for painting town hall, canvass notice, and printing blanks, for appraisers of damages done by dogs, $20.25; Alfred S. Ward, services as Assistant Moderator, $3.00; Thomas G. Ward, services as Town Sergeant, $27.95; Alton F. Coggeshall, collecting the town tax assessed in May, 1907, $150.00; Charles H. Ward, services as Town Treasurer, $162.50; James A. Taber, repairing road implements $10.25; William S. Caswell, services as janitor of Town Hall, $25.25; James F. Marden, lamps and chimneys for Town Hall, $4.60; Lionel H. Peabody, Jr., Charles H. Sisson, Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr., and Dennis J. Murphy, for services as supervisors of the two elections held November 3 and December 4, $8.00 each, $32.00; Thomas G Ward, for bounty due for killing skunks, $6.60; Accounts for the relief of the poor, $35.00; Total, $427.81.

Tiverton.

The Central Baptist Church of Tiverton will begin its centennial celebration on Sunday, December 27th and continue through Monday evening. Rev. Herbert E. Hutchinson, the pastor, has prepared an interesting programme of exercises, which will include addresses by former pastors and other speakers of note and fine instrumental and vocal music. The Sunday morning service will be at 10.30, when Rev. Mr. Wright of Norwich, a former pastor, will preach. On Monday the hours of service will be at 10.30 a. m., 2.30 and 7.00 p. m.

The annual meeting for roll call and business will occur Tuesday, January [illegible]

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Dear Reader—If you will ever feel that you simply have to love a girl, the girl you will love will be just like Lady Betty Bulkeley, sister of the Duke of Stanforth. You will love Lady Betty even if you are the stanchest of Yankees, with an inherited suspicion of the English, for she will snuggle down, in spite of yourself, in the coziest corner of your inmost heart. She is the sunshine of her own pleasant Surrey meads, added to the moonlight glinting on the surface of the Hudson she found so admirable. We have sent many of our fair maids abroad, and the balance of trade in this respect is heavily in England's favor, but we should immediately let down all bars, tariff or other, that prevent more sweethearts like Lady Betty from coming "across the water."

Chapter I

I DON'T know yet whether I'm pleased or not, but I do know that I'm excited—more excited than I've ever been in my life, except perhaps when Miss Mackinstry, my last governess, had hysterics in the schoolroom and fainted among the tea things.

I suppose I shan't be able to decide about the state of my feelings until I've had more of them on the same subject or until I've written down in this book of mine everything exactly as it's happened. I like doing that. It makes things seem so clear when you try to review them afterward.

The excitement began at breakfast by mother having a letter that she liked. I knew she liked it by the way her eyes lighted up, as if they had been lamps and the letter a match. All the other letters, mostly with horrid, tradesmanny looking envelopes, which had been making her quite glowery, she pushed aside.

Mother won't have a crown on her envelopes. She thinks it's vulgar. Besides, putting it only on the paper saves expense. This envelope had a great sprawly gold crest, but she didn't seem to disapprove of it. She read on and on, then suddenly glanced up as if she would have said something quickly to Victoria. She didn't say it, though, for she remembered me. I am never taken into family conclaves because I'm not out yet. I don't see what difference that makes, especially as I'm not to be allowed to come out till after Vic's married, because she was presented four years ago and isn't even engaged yet. So for all I can tell I may have to stay in till I'm a hundred or leak out slowly when nobody is noticing, as Vic says girls do in the middle classes. This time I didn't mind, however, for I couldn't see how the letter concerned me, and as I was dying for a sight of Berengaria's puppies, which were born last night, I was glad when mother told me not to fidget after I'd finished breakfast, but to run down to the kennels if I liked.

Soon I forgot all about the letter, for the puppies were the dearest ducks on earth (can puppies be ducks, I wonder?), and besides, it was such a delicious June morning that I could have danced with joy because I was alive.

I often feel like that. But there's nobody to tell, except the trees and the dogs and my poor pony, who is almost too old and second childish now to understand. She was my brother Stanforth's pony first of all, and Stanforth is twenty-eight. Then she was Vic's, and Vic is—but mother doesn't like Vic's age to be mentioned any more, though she is years younger than Stan.

I took a walk in the park and afterward went through the rose garden to see how the roses were getting on. There were a lot of petals for my potpourri, and gathering them has kept me for some time. Then as the jar stands in Vic's and my den (she calls it her den, but it has to be part mine, as I have no other), I was going in by one of the long windows when I heard mother's voice. "The question is," she was saying, "what's to be done with Betty?"

I turned around and ran away on my tiptoes across the lawn, for I didn't want to be an eavesdropper, and it would be nearly as bad to have mother know I had heard even those few words. She would be annoyed, and mother chills me all the way through to my bones when she's annoyed. It is wonderful how she does it, for she never scolds. But the thermometer simply drops to freezing point, and you feel like a poor little shivering crocus that has come up too soon by mistake to find the world covered with snow and no hope of squeezing back into its own cozy warm bulb again.

I stopped out of doors till luncheon and played croquet against myself, wishing that Stan would run down, for although Stan rather fancies himself as a gorgeous person since poor father's death gave him the title, he is quite nice to me when it occurs to him. I'm always glad when he comes to the Towers, but he hardly ever does in the season, and then in August and September he's always in Scotland. So is Vic, for the matter of that, and she hates being in the country in May and June, though Surrey is so close to town that luckily she doesn't miss much. But this year we seem to have been horribly poor for some reason. Vic says it's Stan's fault. (He is extravagant, I suppose. However, as everything is really his, I don't see that we ought to complain. Only it can't be pleasant for him to feel that mother is worrying lest he should marry and make her a frumpy dowager before we two girls are off her hands.

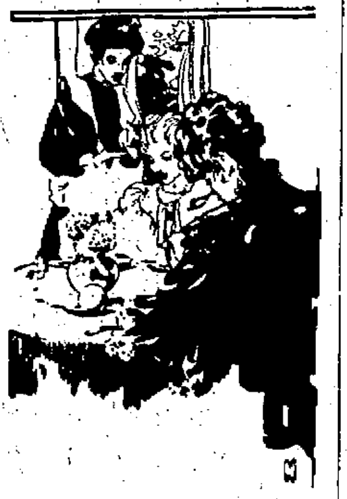
At luncheon mother mentioned to me that she had wired to ask Mrs. Stuyvesant Knox and her cousin, Miss Sally Woodburn, down to dinner and to stay the night. "You will be pleased, Betty, as you like Miss Woodburn so much," she said.

"I like her, but I don't like Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox, and I don't know how to pronounce her," said I.

"For goodness' sake, don't call her Mrs. Ess Kay to her face again," cut in Vic.

"I didn't mean to; it slipped out," I defended myself. "Besides it was you who nicknamed her that."

"Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox is a very charming person and a thorough woman of the world," mother asserted in that way she has of saying the word which you had better leave for the last if you know what is good for you.



The excitement began at breakfast.

I did leave it for the last so far as answering was concerned, but inside, where, thank goodness, even her eyes can't see, I was wondering hard when mother had formed that flattering opinion. A fortnight ago I heard her announce that Americans "got upon her nerves," and she hoped she would not soon be called upon to meet any more. As she had made this remark directly after bidding Mrs. Ess Kay goodby, I naturally supposed that lady to be the immediate cause for it. But now it seemed this was not the case.

"You would be very ungrateful if you disliked her," mother went on, "as she took such a tremendous fancy to you."

"Dear me, I didn't know that!" I exclaimed, opening my eyes wide. "I thought it was Vic she"—

"You are her favorite, as you are with Miss Woodburn also," said mother, who gets the effect of being so tremendously dignified, partly, I believe, from never clipping her words as the rest of us do. "I am asking them down again especially on your account, and I want you to be particularly nice to them."

"It's easy enough to be nice to Sally Woodburn, but"—

I caught a look from Vic and broke off my sentence, hurrying to change it into another. "As they're sailing for the States so soon, I shan't have time to spread myself much."

"Don't be slangy, Betty, it doesn't suit you," said mother. "You pick up too many things from Stanforth."

"Trust him not to drop anything worth having," interpolated Vic, which was pert. But mother never reproves her.

"Perhaps Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox and Miss Woodburn won't come," I said for the sake of getting on safer ground.

"Not come? Of course they will come. It is short notice, but if they have other engagements they will break them," returned mother. And though it would be as impossible for her to be vulgar or snobbish as it would for a tall white arum lily to be either of these things, still I couldn't help feeling that her unconscious thought was, "The invitation to a couple of unknown touring Americans from the Duchess of Stanforth is equivalent to my receiving a royal command."

She was probably right, anyhow so far as Mrs. Ess Kay is concerned. As for Sally Woodburn, I don't think she has a drop of snobbish blood in her veins. She's southern—not South American, as I was stupid enough to think at first, but from some southern state or other, Kentucky, I believe it is. She's short and plump and olive and smooth as ivory satin, with soft, lazy brown eyes, a voice like rich cream, a smile which says, "Please like me," and pretty, crinkly dark hair that is beginning to glitter with silver network here and there, though she isn't exactly old, even for a woman, perhaps about thirty.

I knew that Miss Woodburn rather fancied me, and I was quite pleased to take her up to her room when she and her elder cousin arrived about an hour before dinner. I stopped for a few minutes and then left her with her maid, while I went to help Vic and get myself ready. We've only one maid between the three of us nowadays, which means (unless there's some reason why Vic should be made particularly smart) that mother gets more than a third of Thompson's services. That's as it should be, of course, and we don't grudge it. But Vic's rather helpless, and I always have to hurry to see her through.

This evening, though, I found Thompson in Vic's room, next to mine, and just as I, scientifically dislocated my arms to unhook my frock, which does up behind, mother came in. "Betty," she said, quite playfully for her, "I have a very pleasant surprise for you. You would never be able to guess, so I will tell you. I have consented to let you go and visit Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox and Miss Woodburn in America. Aren't you delighted?"

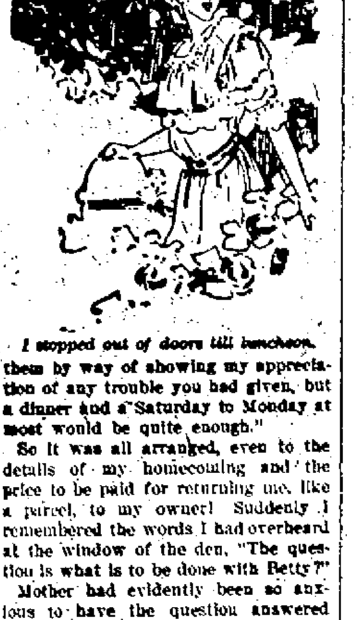
I felt as if the wall of the house were tumbling down and I would presently be crumpled up underneath.

"My goodness gracious, mother!" I managed to stammer, forgetting how I've always stood in awe of her since I could toddle. "How—how perfectly extraordinary! Why am I going? And is it all decided, whether I like or not?"

"Of course you will like. To travel with pleasant companions and see a great, new country under such charming auspices is an immense privilege—a very unusual privilege for a young girl," mother replied promptly. "As for the 'why,' you are going because you have been cordially invited; because I think the experience will be for your advantage, present and future; because also it will be good for a growing girl like you to have the bracing effect of a sea voyage."

"Mother, I haven't a thing the matter with me, and I haven't grown the eighth of an inch this whole last year. You can see by my frocks," I protested, more on principle than because it would be of any use to protest or because I was sure mother wanted to change her mind. Naturally the protest had no effect, but mother's mood mercifully remained placid and she didn't give me a single freezing look.

"Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox is a woman of good family and position in her own country," she went calmly on. "I have satisfied myself on those points beyond doubt or I should not dream of allowing you to be her guest. She has a cottage at Newport and will take you there, as summer, it seems, is not the season in New York. You may stay with her through July and August—even for September, if you are amusing yourself. Later Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox will send you home with friends of hers, who can be trusted to take good care of you. She knows several people, she tells me, who are crossing in the autumn to winter abroad, and they would bring you to me. Of course I should have to be nice to them by way of showing my appreciation of any trouble you had given, but a dinner and a Saturday to Monday at most would be quite enough."



I stopped out of doors till luncheon.

So it was all arranged, even to the details of my homecoming and the price to be paid for returning me, like a parcel, to my owner! Suddenly I remembered the words I had overheard at the window of the den, "The question is what is to be done with Betty?"

Mother had evidently been so anxious to have the question answered that she had at once taken measures to settle it. But why should anything be done with me? Nothing ever had been so far, except when I was sent last autumn to stop with my aunt, and she was so much annoyed because my Cousin Loveland came home unexpectedly that after that I could do nothing to please her and was packed back to Battlemead Towers in disgrace. I never could understand for what crime.

"How did Miss Ess—I mean Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox—happen to ask for a visit from me?" I ventured to wriggle out, like a worm who isn't sure whether it had better turn or not. I was certain that for some reason of her own mother had suggested the idea, if only hypocritically. But she seemed almost too frank as she answered, and it was frightening not even to be snubbed.

"I told you today that she had taken a fancy to you, my dear. Of course she could not hope to secure Victoria, even if she preferred her, for Victoria has important engagements which will carry her through the season and afterward to Cowes and up to Scotland for the shooting at Dorloch castle. But you are still almost a child, and children do not have engagements. Nevertheless you are Lady Betty Bulkeley, the Duke of Stanforth's sister, and as such, though in yourself you are an unimportant little person, it's not impossible that as a member of your family these Americans may think you worth cultivating. One hears that they worship titles."

"I'm sure they can't worship them as much as some people in our own country who haven't got them do," I cried, defending Americans for Miss Woodburn's sake. "Vic says"—

"Never mind what Victoria says," returned mother. "The less you think on these subjects the better, my dear Betty. I merely hinted at a possible and partial incentive to these people's friendship for you, so that you need not feel it incumbent to be oppressively grateful, you know. I should wish you to keep your dignity among foreigners, even though you would, of course, look upon Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox as, in a way, your guardian. Now I must call Thompson and have her put me into my dinner dress, as there is no more time to waste. When Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox speaks of your visit you will know what to say."

I mumbled something vaguely dutiful and began to dress as quickly as I could. But the more I thought of it the more I felt that I hadn't been fairly treated, to be disposed of in such an offhand way. After all, I am eighteen, and a person of eighteen isn't a child.

I'm not sure I wasn't pouting when Vic came in, ready for dinner, asking if she should fasten up my frock. I had nearly finished it, for practice has made me almost as clever as a conjurer about manipulating my hands behind my back, but when Vic flew at me and began giving useless little touches I guessed that she wanted to whisper something in my ear without mother seeing, if she should happen to prance in at the wrong moment, as she often does.

"Look here, Betty, are you going to be a good little girl and do what you're bid without making a fuss?" she asked in a quick, low voice.

"I'm not certain yet," said I. "I'm thinking it over. I don't see why I should be sent off across the water with strangers at a moment's notice, and I"—

"'Tisn't a moment's notice. It's five days. They're not sailing till Wednesday, and as they've a suit engaged—the best on the ship, Mrs. Ess Kay says—your going won't put them out a bit, and they'll love having you. As for the whys and wherefores, mother's been telling you, hasn't she?"

"She talked about my health and valuable experiences and a lot of things in the air, but I feel there's something behind it, and I hate mysteries"—

"If I can convince you it's for the good of the family in general, if not yours in particular, will you be a nice white woolly lamb and go with your kind little American friends?" Vic broke in, with her head on my shoulder and an arm slipped around my waist.

"Mrs. Ess Kay's neither little nor kind," said I, "but of course I'll do anything to help if only I'm treated like a rational, grownup human being."

"And so you shall be. I told mother it would be much better to be frank with you, if you are a baby. It's too late to explain things now, but if you'll be sweet to Mrs. Ess Kay and agree with everything everybody says about your trip, when we come up to bed and mother's door's shut I'll make a clean breast and show you exactly how matters stand."

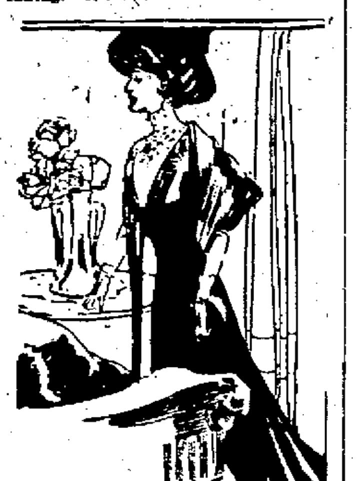
With this we separated, for we could hear Mrs. Ess Kay's voice in the corridor talking to Sally Woodburn on the way downstairs. Her voice is never difficult to hear; rather the other way, and Miss Woodburn's soft little drawl following it, reminded me of a spoonful of Devonshire cream after a bunch of currants.

Mother was with them both in the oak drawing room when Vic and I got down, and I found myself staring at Mrs. Ess Kay with a new kind of criticism in my mind. Indeed it hadn't occurred to me before to criticise at all. I'd only felt that I didn't want to come any closer to her. Now I was to come much closer it seemed, and I looked at the glittering lady, wondering how it would feel to be so close, wondering what she herself was.

Outside she's more like the biggest and most splendid dressmaker's model ever made for a Paris show window than anything else I can think of. At least she is like that from under her chin down to the tips of her toes. I say under her chin, for that feature as well as all the others above it are miles removed from a pretty wax lady in a show window.

I never supposed till I met Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox that a live woman could have a figure exactly like the fashion plates, swelling like a tidal wave above an hourglass of a waist and retreating far, far into the dim perspective below it, then suddenly bulging out behind like a round, magnificent knoll, after a deep curve inward under the shoulders. But Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's figure does all these things even when she stands still and a great many more when she walks, which act she accomplishes in a grand, sweepy kind of a way, with her head a little thrown back, as if she wants everybody to know that she is tremendously important in the scheme, not only of the world, but of the universe.

Yet, in spite of all, in the end it's her face which impresses you even more than her figure, which is a real triumph, as the figure is so elaborate and successful. On top of her head is a quite little coil of hair that lifts itself and spirals up like a giant snail shell. A dagger keeps it in place and looks as if the point plunged into Mrs. Ess Kay's brain, though I suppose it doesn't. Over the forehead is a noble roll which has the effect of a breaker just about to fall into surf, but never falling. It's a black breaker, and the straight, thick eyebrows an inch below it are black too; so are the short eyelashes, also thick and straight, like a stiff fringe, but the eyes are gray—gray as glass, though not transparent. Sometimes they seem almost white, with just a tiny bead of black for the pupil. I never saw anything so hard (except the glass marbles I used to play with), and they look at most people as if something behind them were doing a mental sum in arithmetic for the something's own advantage. They don't look at mother in that way; no eyes in the world would dare, but I'm talking about ordinary people, who are not tall white arum lilies with the air of having grown in kings' gardens.



She's more like the biggest and most splendid dressmaker's model.

Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox's nose is well shaped and rather large. So is her mouth, with a "thin red line" of lips. But somehow it's the chin—the feature you simply take for granted and hardly remember on most faces—which dominates the rest. It comes rounding out under her lips, making them seem to recede, though they don't really. And it's square, with an effect of the skin being laid on over some perfectly hard material, like marble, or the same ivory her teeth are made of. Besides all this—as if it weren't enough—she's a widow, one of those women who look as if they had been born widows. Anyway, I'm certain that Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox can never have been a child.

Sally Woodburn's chin is rather full too. I wonder if in spite of her lazy ways and slow, soft speech she is very decided, like her cousin, who is so much older and bigger and apparently able to make the gentle little southern relative do as she wills?

Mrs. Ess Kay, terribly glittering this evening in a gown contrasting strongly with our simple things, was almost too nice to me, saying several times over how glad she was that I was going to visit her. At dinner she painted word pictures of the "good times" she would give me, and though I've never been able to care for her and don't a bit more now, I began to be rather excited by her talk, for she made things seem so interesting and new. Besides, it appears that Sally Woodburn will be at Newport most of the summer, so I shall have her to fall back upon.

As for me, I was good as gold, and Vic threw me approving glances, for which I was grateful, for I like being in Vic's good graces. She doesn't often bother with me much, but when she does she is so sweet it makes up for everything—and she knows that well.

I could hardly wait to hear her "explanations," and so I was glad Mrs. Ess Kay and Miss Woodburn were hypnotized by mother into thinking they wanted to go early to bed. Mother is very clever about such things.

She didn't come again to talk to me in my room. I suppose she thought it best to let the new ideas simmer. Anyhow, she sent Thompson away and shut the door between Vic's room and hers sooner than usual. Presently Vic slipped quietly in to me, in the new blue dressing gown which was to have been mine, only when she saw it finished she wanted it and had four inches taken up above the hem.

"Well, how are you feeling about things now?" she asked, sitting down in front of the mirror with her hairbrush in her hand.

"I'll tell you after you've told me why I ought to feel one way more than another," I said with prudent reserve.

"Then, like a good child, brush my hair. I wouldn't let Thompson do anything because I knew you'd be dying to have me, and I can talk so beautifully while my hair is being done. It makes me wish I were a pussy cat, so that I could pur."

"I hate having mine touched by any one," said I.

"Well, perhaps I should hate it, too, if mine were curly and about six inches thick and came down to my knees. I should be afraid of being pulled to pieces. There! That's heavenly. Well, now I can begin. You know, baby, this isn't a quite new idea about your going to America. Mrs. Ess Kay did say something on the subject when she was staying here before."

"Oh, yes, when she was going away she said how much she would like to have either of us visit her. Is that all?"

"It's something, isn't it? Enough to make a handle of when a handle's needed."

"But why is a handle needed?"

"I'm going to tell you the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Mother had a letter from Sir Gilbert Mantell this morning."

"Oh, that big, splashy crest was his, then. It looked like him, now I come to think of it. Nobody but a brand new knight, with piles and piles of money, would need one more than half the size."

"Don't sneer at his money, my good child. We want it badly enough in this family."

"Not his."

"Yes, we do. And I see a reasonable prospect of our getting it if you'll go to the States with Mrs. Ess Kay."

"What can that have to do with it? I don't know one bit what you mean."

"That's because you're such a great baby. If you must have every 't' crossed and every 'i' dotted, Sir Gilbert has apparently conceived a patronizing toleration for your Victoria, which is likely if properly fostered and encouraged to develop into something more satisfactory."

"Patronizing indeed! That dull elephant!"

"Elephants are not as a rule dull. And forty thousand a year in any form can afford to patronize a daughter of a hundred dukes without a penny, whereas I'm merely the granddaughter of three. In fact, my dear, I'm humbly anxious that Sir Gilbert should propose, and as he's been rather nice and as he's written almost asking for an invitation to come down with Stan from next Saturday to Monday, although he carefully states he's been invited for the same time by Princess Paul of Pion, things look hopeful. The only trouble is—you."

"Me!"

"Yes, you. The one time he ever saw you was when you had that frightful cold and looked hideous, with your poor dear nose twice its size and your eyes half theirs. But—well, Betty, you're a beauty, and I'm not, though I do flatter myself I'm not bad looking. I'm 'penny plain' and you're 'tuppence colored,' and the Mantell man can afford tuppence for a wife. You are so frightfully, luridly pretty that it's almost improper, and if he comes down and sees you he'll probably think you better worth his money than I am."

"What nonsense! And if he were

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

Rum and Quinine Hair Tonic.

Stimulates the scalp, removes dandruff, gives a rich lustre.

WRIGHT & HAY,
PHARMACISTS,
22 Washington Square, Newport, R. I.

Charles M. Cole,
PHARMACIST,
302 THAMES STREET.
Two Doors North of Post Office
NEWPORT, R. I.

J. D. JOHNSTON,
Architect and Builder,
Plans and Estimates furnished on application. General Jobbing, Mason, Tile and Stucco Work executed with dispatch.
Shop 63 Mill St. Office 70 Pelham St
P. O. Box 161. Residence 100 Church St
3-14

ARCTIC ICE CO.
WHOLESALE
AND
Retail Dealers.
This company is prepared to furnish ice of the best quality and in quantities at prices as low as can be purchased in the city.
Telephone connection.
Office, Commercial Wharf.
4-27 JOHN H. GREENE, Supt.

GET YOUR
ICE CREAM
—AT—
Koschny's,
230 & 232 THAMES STREET.
or at his
Branch Store, 16 Broadway
Cake, Ice Cream
CONFECTIONERY.
STRICTLY FIRST CLASS and FRESH EVERY DAY.

NEWPORT
Transfer Express Co
TRUCKERS
—AND—
General Forwarders
Heavy Trucking a Specialty.
Estimates Given on any Kind of Carting.
Accessible by Telephone at any and all hours
PRINCIPAL OFFICE, 39 Bellevue Avenue
BRANCH OFFICES, 272 Thames Street and
New York Freight Depot
Telephone 71-2.

YOU CAN PATENT
anything you invent or improve; also get CAVEAT, TRADE-MARK, COPYRIGHT or DESIGN PROTECTION. Send model, sketch, or photo. for free examination and advice.
BOOK ON PATENTS FREE. No Atty's fee before patent.
Write to C. A. SNOW & CO.
Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D.C.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,
Contractor
—AND—
BUILDER
OF MASON WORK,
NEWPORT, R. I.
Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing attended to.
Orders left at
Calendar Avenue.

A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION

WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pains in the back; if your urine stains linen; if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the dread diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or find fault, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size and the regular $1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.
Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N.Y.

Dr. David Kennedy's Early Eye Salve for all Diseases or Inflammations of the Eye. 25c.

FALL RIVER LINE

FOR NEW YORK

—THE—

SOUTH & WEST

Palatial Steamers

PROVIDENCE and PLYMOUTH

in commission.

Orchestra and Wireless Telegraphy on each.

FROM NEWPORT—Leave week days and Sundays at 9.15 p. m. Due New York 7.00 a. m.

FROM NEW YORK—Leave Pier 19, North River, foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays, 5.00 p. m., due at Newport 2.30 a. m., leave Newport 3.45 a. m., due Fall River, 5.00 a. m.

Tickets and staterooms at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent.

THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.
F. O. COLBY, A. G. P. A., New York.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

Leave City Hall, Newport, for Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, 6.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the even hour and half past the odd hour, until 10.10 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

Sundays, 6.50 a. m. Then same as week days.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middletown, 5.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the odd hour and half past the even hour until 10.50 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.

Sundays, 6.50 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave City Hall, Fall River (for Stone Bridge only), 4.50 p. m. and 6.10 p. m.

Return, Leave Stone Bridge for Fall River 5.25 p. m. and 6.45 p. m. Do not run Sundays.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00 a. m., and every fifteen minutes until and including 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.50 a. m., then same as week days.

Return, Leave Morton Park, 6.22 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.22 p. m. Sundays, 6.52 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6.45 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 6.00 p. m. Sundays, 7.30 a. m., then same as week days.

Return, Leave Beach, 7.00 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.00 p. m. Sundays, 7.45 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street Waiting Room for Beach 6.15 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 10.45 p. m. Sundays, same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Mile Corner, 6.30 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.30 p. m. Sundays, 7 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11.15 p. m. Sundays, 6.45 a. m., then same as week days.

GEORGE F. SEIBEL,
General Superintendent.

C. L. BISBEE,
Division Superintendent.

Block Island and Providence.

POPULAR STEAMER NEW SHOREHAM.

Leave Long wharf, Newport, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 1.15 p. m. Due Block Island 3.30 p. m. Returning, leave Block Island Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 8.00 a. m., Newport, 10.15 a. m., due Providence 12.30 p. m. Ticket office on steamer.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport.
THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION CO.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect October 4, 1908.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.50, x8.10, 9.05, 11.04 a. m. 1.05, 3.05, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 8.50, 11.00 a. m., 3.05, 5.00, 9.05 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.50, 9.05, 11.04 a. m., 1.05, 3.05, 5.00, 9.05 p. m.

Tiverton—6.50, x8.10, 9.05, 11.04 a. m., 1.05, 3.05, 5.00, 9.05 p. m.

Middleboro—11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

Hyannis—11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

Provincetown—3.05 p. m.

Plymouth—11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m.

New Bedford—6.50, 8.10, 9.05, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 5.00 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.50, 8.10, 9.05, 11.04 a. m., 1.05, 3.05, 5.00, 9.05 p. m.

xExpress.

W. G. BIERD, Gen'l Sup't.
A. B. SMITH, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street,

NEWPORT, R. I.

LADY BETTY ACROSS THE WATER

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

such an idiot of course I should refuse him!"

"You would. That's one of mother's difficulties. Even you must see that would do no good from the family point of view."

"I could keep out of the creature's way."

"You couldn't without Stan making some blundering remark or some contretemps happening. It would be sure to. It's much safer to have you absolutely out of the way, and it was when we were talking it over this morning that mother hit upon the plan of sending you to the States. You know how prompt she is once she's made up her mind! Mother is really a wonderful woman. Twenty minutes later she sent a telegram to Mrs. Ess Kay asking her to come down and certain under providence that she would, for an intimate sort of invitation like this when we're alone (especially after the great disappointment) would be too flattering to a woman of that type not to be snapped at, no matter if a dozen engagements had to be trampled in the dust."

"What great disappointment are you talking about?"

"Infant in arms! Why, Stan and Miss Woodburn."

"I—didn't know—nobody told me"—

"Fancy needing to be told! As if that wasn't the only reason why mother called on Mrs. Ess Kay in the beginning! It was because she thought Miss Woodburn might do for Stanforth. We must marry money, and is too poor—horribly poor, to be much of a catch with most English heiresses, who aren't as keen on titles as they used to be unless there's some solid foundation for here to stand on and not wobble. Every one says Miss Woodburn's a great heiress, and though she's a few years older than Stan she's a lady, a charming creature and not bad looking. Mother thought all that out the day they were introduced to her at the Northminster's concert, so she invited them here. But Stan and the Woodburn wouldn't look at each other. It was useless even for mother's genius to attempt the impossible, so she resigned herself to the inevitable and gave the thing up. She meant to drop the Americans gently, which she could easily do as they were going home soon, when this new idea popped up. It's really important for me, dear. I do want you to see that. It will be so much better all around if you are out of the way, anyhow until I'm safely engaged and the wedding day fixed. Then, you know, if you haven't meanwhile picked up an American millionaire on the other side—don't look so horrified—mother will be able to devote herself to you, heart and soul, as she has me. Next spring you can be presented—"

"Don't bribe," I said, feeling as if I wanted to cry. "If you want to get rid of me I'll go without that, but I should have thought I might be sent again to Aunt Sophy's."

"Not again until our magnificent cousin's safely married. She wouldn't have you there. Remember how she sent you home last time. Poor Loveland! He, too, must think about collecting honest gold (somebody else's) to brighten up his coronet. We're a poverty stricken lot, my child, and it's for me, with your help, to retrieve the fallen fortunes of this branch of the family."

"That's settled, then," said I as dryly as I could, with wet tears in the background. "And now let's go to bed, please, I'm sleepy."

I went, but my eyes were hot, and there was a lump in my throat. I was homesick—dreadfully homesick for something—I don't know what, but it seemed to be something I've never had yet and probably never can have. That is why I wanted to be alone and write everything down exactly as it has happened.

* * *

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Henry Irving Wanted to Die.

"What have I got out of it?" said Henry, stroking his chin and smiling slightly. "Let me see. Well, a good cigar, a good glass of wine, a good friend—. Here he kissed my hand with courtesy. Always he was so courteous—always his actions, like this little one of kissing my hand, were so beautifully timed. They came just before the spoken words and gave them peculiar value.

"That's not a bad summing up of it all," I said. "And the end—how would you like that to come?"

"How would I like that to come?" He repeated my question lightly, yet meditatively too. Then he was silent for some thirty seconds before he snapped his fingers—the action again before the words.

"Like that!"—Ellen Terry in McClure's Magazine.

Microbes.

"Speaking of the ark," he said, "I saw a little boy at play with his Noah's ark the other day. I watched him put aboard all the people, all the painted animals, and then I saw him place carefully in a sheltered spot two tiny splinters of wood.

"'What are they, my son?' I asked.

"'Them's microbes,' said he.

"It had never occurred to me before, but there must of course have been a pair of microbes in the ark."—Harper's Weekly.

The Honest Way.

"Money? Pooh!" exclaimed a successful financier contemptuously. "There are a hundred ways of making money."

"And only one honest way!" protested his companion.

"What's that?"

"Uh! I thought you wouldn't know."—London Telegraph.

Indulgent.

"I am such an indulgent husband," said Mr. Doll.

"Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Reful. "Sometimes indulges a little too much, doesn't he?"—London Tit-Bits.

Catching a Tartar.

A Pennsylvania trout fisherman had an adventure which is a warning to thoughtless persons. He was in his boat, casting his flies, when he saw something swimming across the creek several rods up stream. He thought it was a mink, but when it got within a couple of yards he saw it was a wildcat. Without stopping to think he cast his line toward the animal and the next instant regretted his hasty action. The hook caught in the cat's ears, and it promptly turned and swam toward the boat. He paddled away, but the cat overtook the boat and proceeded to climb in. The fisherman knocked the animal on the head with the paddle, and the movement capsized the boat. Then there was a fight in the water, and the fisherman defended himself so well with the paddle that he was able to reach the shore. The wildcat followed, but a few well directed blows finished it. There was a two dollar bounty on the animal, but as the fisherman lost all his fishing tackle and had his clothing badly torn he thinks he had the worst of the bargain. At any rate, he will never again fish for a wildcat.

Philadelphia Flier of 1737.

In these days of fast trains we can hardly conceive how the newspaper announcement made March 10, 1737, that a "flier would begin flying on 3d April to perform the journey between New York and Philadelphia in one day" could have created a great sensation—even in Philadelphia. Eighty miles in fourteen hours does not seem to us such breathless speed, but when we read in the same paper that in order to accomplish this feat "John Butler, with his waggon, must needs set out from the sign of the Death of the Fox at daybreak and drive at top speed (the horses being changed at each stage ere the coach stops rocking) to meet the ferry of Rubin Fitzrandolph, which delivers passengers in New York by night."

We can understand that for those leisurely times this was indeed "going some." This, at least, was the opinion of a traveler who performed this journey in 1737, for he writes home, "And if any one wishes to travel more quickly let him go to Kentucky and charter a streak of lightning."

The Dazzling Searchlight.

On a dark night no warship would be safe from torpedo attack but for the searchlight. The full moon lights up a torpedo boat so that it can be fired at when nearly a mile away. To produce the same illumination with the most powerful artificial light an electric arc of 100,000 candle power placed three-quarters of a mile high would be needed if the aid of mirrors were not available. But with this light and an ingenious arrangement of mirrors it is possible to surpass the moon. Searchlights are now made which throw light a distance of sixty-three miles, but objects can be seen only a few miles from the source of the light. The effect on the enemy is most demoralizing. When the bright beam is suddenly thrown on the eye the pupil contracts violently; when the beam is removed the eye can see nothing. If this be repeated a few times it takes all the nerve out of a man, so that only the best trained and most courageous can continue the attack.—London Answers.

Not That Color.

Willie lost his pet dog and was much distressed. He spent his time searching for it, and so often did he run into the house crying, "Come, quick; there's Fido; I saw him!" the family grew somewhat dubious.

One day Willie rushed in more excited than usual. "Mamma, mamma!" he cried. "I've seen Fido! I've seen Fido!"

"Oh, no; I guess not," replied the patient mother. "It must have been your imagination."

Willie looked at her much aggrieved. "Well," he said indignantly, "I guess my 'magination isn't white behind."—Delineator.

Too Suggestive.

Wimbleton—Hello, Simpelton! How did you enjoy your visit to the insane asylum the other day? Simpelton—Oh, so-so. It was all right enough, I guess. Wimbleton—Well, you don't talk as though you were impressed with it. Did you give the superintendent my note of introduction? Simpelton—Yes, I gave it to him. Wimbleton—Well, what did he say? Simpelton—Oh, he just looked at me and said, "Make yourself at home."—Lippincott's.

Wedding Present Problem.

What people ought to do when they send out invitations to a wedding is to add after the R. S. V. P. the letters P. S. L., which stand for "Please send list." The would be donor would then send a selection of, say, four articles from 1 shilling to £1,000 in value, and the bride would pick out what she wished—London World.

"Smart" Manners.

A well dressed crowd is always the worst behaved crowd. If any one doubts this truism let him ask any London policeman who has had to grapple with a crowd of fashionable ladies.—Nottingham Guardian.

Cured Him.

Mrs. Naggs—My husband used to find fault with the coffee, but he doesn't any more. Mrs. Howells—How did you break him of the habit? Mrs. Naggs—I induced him to make it himself one morning.

There are but two ways of paying debt—increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying out.—Carlyle.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Milk Fed Edible Rats.

The Chinese diplomat regarded his grilled frogs' legs with faint disgust.

"I suppose they are good," he faltered. "It is hard, though, to conquer my repulsion. Yet they are clean—clean feeders, eh?"

The American laughed long and loud.

"You," he cried, "are repelled by frogs' legs, you who eat dogs and rats!"

"Ah, but," said the Chinaman, "our edible dogs and rats are the cleanest feeders imaginable. They are equal to celery fed duck or California peach fed hog. They are confined in runs, you know, and to make their flesh white and delicate they are fed on mushes of bread and milk and vegetables—no meat whatever.

"You Americans think it disgusting to eat rats and dogs because you imagine them fattening on carrion and offal. But these frogs here— No, I'm afraid I can't. They may have fed on some tramp suicide for all I know."

He pushed back his plate and waited for the next course.

The Elusive Chuckwalla.

The chuckwalla is one of the most interesting of the creatures to be found in southern California's great desert. The chuckwalla seeks to escape his adversary by crawling into a crevice of a rock so narrow that it seems impossible to get him out. But the Indians have learned all his tricks and how to circumvent them. To the desert aborigine the chuckwalla is alluring. He feasts on the chuckwalla; hence he grows wise as to its habits. He takes a piece of strong wire or a bent twig, and, poking it into the crevice, he taps the chuckwalla on the end of the nose. In a moment the angered reptile exhales a kind of hiss, the noise being made by a rapid expulsion of the breath. As he thus exhales he loses his hold on the rocks, and in a moment the Indian pulls on his tail. As speedily as a flash of lightning the chuckwalla inhales again and tightens himself in his recess. Another tap on his nose and then exhalation; another pull, another exhalation—so it goes until at last the Indian has him in hand. Then he cooks him.—Suburban Life.

Depth at Which Miners Can Work.

Below fifty feet the temperature rises in the proportion of one degree for every sixty-five feet of depth except where currents of water carry the heat away. The result is that at a depth of about 4,000 feet we reach a temperature of 98 degrees, or blood heat. This renders it exceedingly difficult to work coal pits below that depth. This is the reason that Great Britain's coal commission decided that mines are not workable below 4,000 feet.

The thickness of the solid rocks building up the crust of the earth is at least thirty to forty miles. At that depth the heat is such as would reduce everything on the surface of the earth to liquid. But the pressure of the overlying rocks is so great that until the relation of the heat to the pressure is known it cannot be said whether the earth at that depth is fluid or solid.—Chicago Tribune.

Not "Lost In London."

The confession of the provost of the Great St. Bernard hospice that he almost got lost in London and found it more bewildering than his own Alps recalls to the London Chronicle a remarkable feat of the great guide Melchior Anderegg of Meiringen. He had never seen a larger town than Berne when he visited London, and when two famous climbers, Leslie Stephen and T. W. Hinchliff, met him at London Bridge station and walked with him thence to Lincoln's Inn Fields there was a thick London fog. Nevertheless when a day or two later the three were at the same station, returning from a trip to Woolwich, Mr. Hinchliff confidently said, "Now, Melchior, you will lead us back home." And straight to Lincoln's Inn Fields Melchior guided them, pausing only once.

Why Joyner Left Home.

"Are you ready to receive the obligations?" asked the most upright supreme hocus pocus of the Order of Hoot Owls.

"I am," said the candidate firmly.

"Then take a sip of this prussic acid, place your right hand in this pot of boiling lead, rest your left hand upon this revolving buzzsaw, close your eyes and repeat after me"—

Early next morning shreds of Joyner's clothing were found upon the bushes and trees all along the road to Pottsville, thirty miles distant, and at Scrabbletown, sixty miles away, he was reported still headed west.—Judge.

Mme. Geoffrin's Husband.

Mme. Geoffrin, like most Frenchwomen, had the gift of making phrases. When Rulhiere had read in her salon a work upon Russia, which she feared might involve him in difficulties, she offered him a sum of money to burn it. The author waxed wroth at the insinuation implied and broke out into an eloquent assertion of his courage and independence. She listened patiently and then in a quiet tone of voice said, "How much more do you want, M. Rulhiere?" She married at the age of fourteen M. Geoffrin, a wealthy glass manufacturer and lieutenant colonel of the national guard. His duty as husband seems to have been to provide the funds for her social campaigns and to watch over the details of the menage. It is related of him that some person gave him a history to read and when he asked for the successive volumes regularly palmed off upon him the first, as if it were new. At last he was heard to say that he thought the author "repeated himself a little." A book printed in double columns he read straight across the page, remarking that "it seemed to be very good, but was rather abstract." One day a visitor inquired after the silent, white haired old gentleman who was in the habit of sitting at the head of the table. "Oh, he was my husband," replied Mme. Geoffrin, "before he died!"—Argonaut.

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness.—Dickens.

Selling "Carlyle."

Here is Whistler's story of how he sold his famous picture of Carlyle to the Glasgow corporation:

I received them, well, you know, charmingly, of course, and one who spoke for the rest asked me if I did not think I was putting a large price on the picture—1,000 guineas—and I said, "Yes, perhaps, if you will have it so!"

And he said that it seemed to the council excessive. "Why, the figure was not even life size."

And I agreed.

"But, you know," I said, "few men are life size."

And that was all. It was an official occasion, and I respected it. Then they asked me to think over the matter until the next day, and they would come again. And they came. And they said, "Have you thought of the thousand guineas and what we said about it, Mr. Whistler?"

And I said, "Why, gentlemen, why—well, you know, how could I think of anything but the pleasure of seeing you again?"

And naturally, being gentlemen, they understood, and they gave me a check for the thousand guineas.

The Southern Art of Conversation.

The north may think it knows something of conversation, but the north, as compared with the south, may be said never to have enjoyed a conversation. About the village courthouse, within the hospitable doors of some central store, in the office of the local daily or weekly paper or, above all, in the leisurely and genial intercourse around the fireside or on the inviting porch in summer of friend with friends there will be heard a conversation which in wit, in the charm and force of its illustrations and in the directness and freedom of its criticism is not surpassed in American life today.

It is the product of leisure, of a world without haste, without ruthless preoccupations, without those resources of expression and interest which belong to the crowded and overweighted existence of the commercial city. It is, moreover, part of the tradition of the cavalier. It is part of the genius of climate and soil and social habit.—E. G. Murphy in "The Present South."

Sour Milk Cow.

The woman was new to the country, and her host took great pains to explain to her whatever she didn't understand about the farm. He had little regard for the truth, this farmer; he delighted to test her gullibility to the utmost.

The cows seemed to interest her more than any other domestic animal. One of the cows had lost her tail somehow, and this fact led the woman to ask why it was.

"That's the sour milk cow," the farmer explained, with a straight face. "We always cut the tail off one cow in the herd so as to get sour milk fresh every day."

The woman looked her doubt.

"It's perfectly true," the farmer insisted. "You see, when the cow's tail is gone the sun shines continually on the cow's udder, and the constant heat sours the milk."

But the woman still doubted.—New York Sun.

Few Buried Alive.

"It might be incidentally mentioned for the relief of anxious souls," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson in the American Magazine, "that the risk of any individual passing into a trance and remaining in it long enough to be buried alive is exceedingly slight. There is no authentic instance of this having ever occurred. I took occasion to investigate this question some years ago and communicated with a number of leading undertakers, and they all unanimously denounced it as one of the myths of the times. One of them, at the time president of the National Funeral Directors' association, informed me that he had carefully investigated every instance of 'burial alive' reported in the newspapers for fifteen years past and found every one of them to be, in his own language, 'a pure fake.'"

Legs and the Alps.

In the visitors' book of one of the Swiss hotels an observing traveler has inscribed the following lines:

Some dashing young tourists, I see,
Wear trousers which end at the knee.
'Twere better by half
Just to cover the calf—
At least where the calf ought to be.

Only those who have seen the scrawny legs, incased in mountain climbing costume, of some of those tourists who "do" the Alps can fully appreciate the humor of the "limerick."

Nuts as Food.

One very great advantage which nuts possess over most foods is their absolute freedom from adulteration. When you buy nuts you always know what you are getting. Of course those bought in the shell are also absolutely clean.—Good Health.

Light and Hope.

Even in evil, that dark cloud which hangs over the creation, we discern rays of light and hope and gradually come to see in suffering and temptation proofs and instruments of the sublimest purposes of wisdom and love.—Channing.

At His Expense.

She—Jack told me that that hospital was built entirely at his expense. Is it possible? He—Well, Jack's uncle cut him off with a hundred dollars and left the rest of his money to build the hospital.

How many think to atone for the evil they have done by the good they intend to do and are only virtuous in prospective!—Eliot.

The Roller.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss," remarked the proverb dispenser.

"And, like the human high roller," rejoined the thoughtful thinker, "it also gravitates downhill."—Chicago News.

In the march of life don't heed the order "right about" when you know you are about right.—Holmes.

JAMES P. TAYLOR,

139

Thames Street,

DEALER IN

Clothing

—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods.

AGENT FOR

Rogers, Peet & Co.'s

CLOTHING.

Last Call!

We have sold out the

RECOLLECTIONS

—OF—

OLDEN TIMES

By the late

THOMAS R. HAZARD (Shepherd, Tom,)

containing a history of the

ROBINSON, HAZARD & SWEET FAMILIES,

To A. W. BROWN,

216 NEW YORK AVE., PROV., R. I.

This rare work is now out of print, and only a few will be sold. It will not be reprinted.

If you wish a copy of the best work of Rhode Island's most interesting writer, you will do well to send your order AT ONCE.

Price, three dollars, until only fifteen copies remain unsold, when the price will be advanced. Sent post paid to any address on receipt of the price.

Address

A. W. BROWN,

216 New York Ave.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

5-

GOLDBECK'S

Diastasic Extract of Malt.

This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.

It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anaemia, Malnutrition, etc.

To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.

In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.

DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.

Sold by D. W. SHEEHAN,
18 and 20 Kinsley's Wharf
Newport R. I.

SANTAL-MIDY

These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections, and RELIEVES in 24 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.

Sold by all druggists.

MIDY

WATER,

ALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 2 p. m.

WM. S. SLOCUM, Treasurer.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine.

SAFE. Always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH in RED and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. Refuse Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations. Buy of your Druggist, or send 4c. in stamps for Particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Sold by all Druggists. Chichester Chemical Co. Mention this paper. Madison Square, PHILA., PA.

Price of Coke

From June 15, 1908.

Prepared, delivered,

36 bushels,	$4.50
18 bushels,	$2.25

Common, delivered.

36 bushels,	$3.50
18 bushels,	$1.75

Price at works,

Prepared, 11c. a bushel, $10 for 100 bushels

Common, 9c. a bushel $8 for 100 bushels

Orders left at the Gas Office, 182 Thames street, or at Gas Works will be filled promptly.

ELGIN WATCHES

Established by Franklin in 1758.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, December 26, 1908.

We wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The Elks did a great work in providing Christmas cheer for those who were not fortunate enough to be able to provide luxuries for themselves.

When Senator Knox of Pennsylvania goes into Taft's Cabinet as Secretary of State, his successor in the Senate will be Representative James Francis Burke of Pittsburg.

Senator Bourne has introduced a bill in the Senate providing for an increase in the salary of the President from $50,000 to $100,000 and of the vice-president from $12,000 to $25,000.

Representative Peters of Massachusetts has introduced in Congress a bill providing for a new gold dollar of the value of 50 pence sterling, and for interchangeable postage stamps with Great Britain.

Massachusetts does not like to be left out of anything. It always has a candidate for any office that may be lying around loose. Just now it is booming Congressman Weeks for a Cabinet position, the Navy portfolio being particularly desired.

The Pennsylvania R. R. is considering a plan of numbering instead of naming its stations so as to avoid the misunderstanding of names when pronounced by brakemen. We did not know before that the railroad managers expected the brakeman to pronounce the stations so any one could understand them. We never heard one yet.

Christmas gifts approximating $17,000,000 have been sent to Europe and Africa from the United States this month. This is believed to exceed the Christmas money of any other year. Financial experts yesterday figured that more persons have given, but in smaller amounts. The total is far in excess of 1907, and much larger than in 1906. This looks like returning prosperity.

It is reported from Washington that the Panama Canal may be changed from a lock ditch to a sea-level canal if reports of civil engineers show that the foundations of the Gatun and other dams are not sufficiently strong to support the structures. The engineers who are to make the examination will be chosen in a few days and will accompany President-elect Taft to the Isthmus.

President Roosevelt is seriously considering going to Africa by private yacht in order to secure freedom from publicity and avoid many persons who would like to make the trip with him. Several wealthy friends of the President have offered to put their craft at his disposal. We should think that the love of publicity that the President has would induce him to take along an army of reporters to announce his lion fights.

The returns of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Co. of traffic earnings from the Yale-Harvard football game at New Haven last month show that the passengers carried were 28,777, as compared with 41,[illegible] passengers for the Yale-Harvard game in New Haven two years ago. The revenue received from football passengers on the season end was $21,[illegible], as compared with $32,[illegible] from the Yale-Harvard game of 1906. It would seem that football is good for the railroads if for nobody else.

President Castro's rule in Venezuela has come to an end. Spurned by the citizens of his unhappy country, his statues thrown down, his reign denounced, and most of all the public funds in the hands of his enemies, he lies in a private hospital in Berlin a sick and broken man. Yet there are few who sympathize with him in the hour of his fall. He never administered the government of Venezuela for the best good of his people but rather for the benefit of himself. Whether or not he foresaw the end and provided liberally for his future in Europe or whether he believed that he could maintain his domination even during a temporary absence is something that is not known but the public believes that he has sufficient funds safely stowed away to amply satisfy his cupidity.

Lady Betty.

We start this week the publication of a new serial story, Lady Betty Across the Water, by the Williamsons, who have written many fascinating novels that have had a wide sale. When Lady Betty first appeared in book form it was one of the best sellers of the year. It is a fascinating romance and one that will hold the attention of the reader from week to week. [illegible] that you do not miss a copy of the MERCURY during the time of its publication.

During the past year we have published in serial form many of the most popular novels of the day, readers of the MERCURY thus being able to obtain several stories that were sold in book form for $1.50 each, for the mere price of their subscription, $2.00 per year. This new feature alone is a good investment.

A Wonderful Country.

A writer in the Review of Reviews gives a wonderful description of the wonderfully rich country that Secretary Seward many years ago bought of Russia for a few millions and everybody said he got cheated. This writer says: Alaska has more gold than ever had California, Australia, or South Africa; it has more copper than 20 Buttes; it has more hard coal than Pennsylvania, and it has more tin than Wales. The hay that rots on its plains would fatten all the cattle of Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas. And the fertile plains and valleys await half a million American farmers and gardeners.

It is almost as cheap to build a railroad as a wagon road. The heart of this wonderland is closed to all the great possible channels of commerce, except railroads.

In an area 12 by 60 miles there are mountains ribbed with veins of the highest grade copper ever located in commercial quantities, and even veins of pure copper. On Nugget Creek is located a nugget of pure copper over seven feet long and weighing about three tons. The gravels of all the valleys are full of copper nuggets from the size of a pea to a pumpkin. In many instances veins of 20 feet in width and traceable for miles have been found. Most of these ores range in value from 20 to 30 per cent. copper, and many carry as high as $20 and $30 in gold and silver in addition. One or two bonanza properties have uncovered large bodies of ore with 60 to 70 per cent. copper.

The coal in the Chickaloon valley is one of the richest deposits in the world. At certain points the banks of the river rise into towering bluffs of anthracite coal. With a pick and a shovel the miner can fill his boat. The efforts of certain corporations to control the coal-fields in this region and in other parts of Alaska have been so active in the past three years that more than a year ago President Roosevelt deemed it his duty to withdraw the government coal-lands from claim entries.

There is enough of rich placer and latent quartz mining in Alaska to employ 500,000 miners for the next quarter of a century. There is enough coal, copper and other minerals to employ another 500,000. Nearly all kinds of temperate-zone vegetables flourish there. Wheat, oats, and barley have matured at Rampart, not far from the Arctic circle. From the point in the far north down through all the valleys of the southern coast, where the climate is tempered by the Japan current, many of the field and garden crops of the northern states will grow with profit.

More than 3,000,000 acres of coal-bearing lands has been surveyed in more or less detail. Further surveys may be even richer in results.

Alaskan coking coal is of the greatest value in a metalliferous region, where it is needed for ore-reduction processes. It is then of higher importance than anthracite and Alaska, too, has her anthracite coal. Some of the coal-layers are of huge dimensions with "swells" in coal seams, 80 feet thick of solid coal. Some of the coal deposits are favorably located (with some railroad construction) to enable water shipment to the Pacific coast of the United States.

Rhode Island Families.

From the press of J. H. Beers & Co, of Chicago comes a very valuable work "Representative Men and Old Families of Rhode Island." It is in three large volumes and is finely printed and bound. It comprises genealogical records and historical sketches of prominent and representative citizens and of many old families of the State. It has been very carefully edited, and the historical sketches are prepared with a special view to accuracy, as well as being written in an easy and interesting manner, an unusual feature of works of this character. The illustrations are steel engravings of some of the most prominent citizens of the State.

Newport men and families receive a fair share of the space and the sketches are very accurate. The publication should prove a valuable reference work and one that would be very convenient to have in every private or public library.

The actual manufacture of steel at Gary, Ind., has begun. Blast furnaces have been blown in and the first step taken in making the Calumet region one of the greatest iron and steel industrial centers in the world. The $25,000,000 mills are now in active operation, and the work will be increased rapidly until 25,000 men will be employed.

Seven members of the finance committee of the city of Pittsburg council have been arrested for alleged conspiracy, corrupt solicitation and bribery. Informations also were made against W. W. Ramsey, president, and A. A. Vilsack, cashier of the German National Bank, charging them with conspiracy.

When the Pennsylvania Railroad completes the proposed bridge over Hell Gate, the structure will be used by both the Pennsylvania and the New Haven companies, thus permitting the latter road to reach the Pennsylvania station in New York City.

Senator Scott of West Virginia the other day said to a group of colleagues: "We will have two national Thanksgiving days next year. The first one will be March 4."

New U. S. Senators.

On the the 4th of March the terms of 31 U. S. Senators will expire, more than one-third of the entire body. There will be a vacancy in Pennsylvania caused by Senator Knox, entrance into Taft's Cabinet, and thirty others will retire by limitation of the term of office.

The Republican Senators, whose terms will end with the present Congress, but who are sure of being returned, are Cummins of Iowa, now serving out the unexpired term of the late Senator Allison; Dillingham of Vermont, Gallinger of New Hampshire, Heyburn of Idaho, Hopkins of Illinois, Penrose of Pennsylvania, Perkins of California, Smoot of Utah and Stephenson of Wisconsin.

Democratic Senators who will be returned are Clarke of Arkansas, Clay of Georgia, Gore of Oklahoma, Johnston of Alabama, McEnery of Louisiana, Newlands of Nevada, Overman of North Carolina, Smith of Maryland and Stone of Missouri.

By reason of defeat in primary contests, Senator Ankeny of Washington will be succeeded by Representative Wesley Jones; Senator Hansbrough of North Dakota by M. N. Johnson of Petersburg, N. D.; Senator Kittredge of South Dakota by Gov. Coe I. Crawford, and Long of Kansas by Joseph L. Bristow of Salina, formerly fourth assistant postmaster general.

All of these men are Republicans, and in addition, Fulton of Oregon probably will be succeeded by Gov. Chamberlain, Democrat, who was victorious in what is popularly known as the double primary system of the state. In every case the conservatives have been defeated by the progressives under the primary system.

Of the Democratic Senators whose terms will expire on March 4, Frank B. Gary of South Carolina will be succeeded by E. D. Smith of Columbia, and W. H. Milton of Florida by Duncan U. Fletcher of Jacksonville, both of the incumbents having declined to be candidates for election.

Offsetting the Oregon situation is that of Kentucky, Ex-Gov. W. R. Bradley, Republican, having been elected to succeed McCreary, Democrat, owing to a split in the Democratic majority in the Kentucky legislature.

Teller of Colorado will be succeeded by ex-Gov. Charles J. Hughes of Denver, the legislature being Democratic and Mr. Teller having declined to be a candidate for re-election.

It will be seen by the foregoing that the contests have narrowed down to those in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Indiana, in the last of which a Democrat will be elected to succeed Hemenway, the legislature having been lost by the Republicans in the recent election.

The New State Government.

The inauguration of the new State Government will take place one week from Tuesday next, January 5th, at noon. At that time the Honorable Aram J. Pothier will be inducted into the office of Governor of Rhode Island with the usual form and ceremony. While many of the ancient customs that fitted so well at the Newport election are kept up, still there is not that zest in their observance that there was in the good old 'lection days in Newport. The ceremony of proclaiming the election of the State officers from the balcony of the State House is still observed, but as the "Mr. Sergeant" makes his proclamation to the "desert air" with probably not a soul in sight to listen, the practice seems rather absurd.

Governor Higgins will preside at the opening of the Senate and the assembling of the Grand Committee. He will welcome Governor Pothier into office and will probably deliver a short valedictory address, after which Governor Pothier will assume command and the wheels of government will be put in motion for another year, this time under Republican auspices.

In the organization of the House, Representative Hazard of Newport will preside and the Honorable Roswell B. Burchard will be elected Speaker for the third term. Among the first things the General Assembly will have to consider will be the selection of of judges which will doubtless take some time. There are many less State officials to be elected or appointed than there were last year, as the judges of the lower courts, sheriffs, etc., were chosen last year for three years. The matters of legislation this year appear to be of less importance than last year and it is to be hoped that the session may be a short one. There are some important amendments to be made to the Banking Law, to the Automobile Law, and perhaps the liquor license act; the annual appropriation bill to be passed and provision made for the issuing of the bonds for the road improvement and for the additional buildings at the State Institution.

This year the Republicans have absolute and untrammelled control of both branches of the General Assembly. The Democrats have chosen only six members of the Senate and five of the House. This tremendous landslide shows that the people still have confidence in the Republican party, and are willing to trust the management of State, as well as National, affairs to its keeping.

Excavation on the Panama canal in November reached 2,500,[illegible] cubic yards. The daily average was the highest ever made in the rainy season, but falls short of the daily average for last March.

Washington Matters.

Congress Has Adjourned For the Holidays—The President's Message Recommends a Change of Government—President-Elect Taft Visits the Capital—Senator Knox Slated for the Premiership of Mr. Taft's Cabinet—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 24, 1908.

Congress has adjourned its short but tumultuous ante-holiday session. The President's message, in which Congress was severely taken to task for circumscribing the activities of the detective bureau, aroused the legislative body on the second day of the session. Since that time the President has been sending a continuous stream of messages to the Capitol. A caricaturist in one of the daily papers had a half-page picture, giving a birdseye view of Pennsylvania Avenue filled with wagons at full speed bulging with enormous messages from the White House to the legislative branch of the government and there was no more exaggeration in the picture than in most caricatures. The final days of the Roosevelt administration will surely sustain the reputation for strenuousness and there will be no political or social rest until after the fourth of March.

The last message of the President is one recommending a change of Government for the District of Columbia. As is pretty well known, the elective franchise is unknown in the District. The government here is by three commissioners appointed by the President. The three-headed concern has proved very unsatisfactory to many substantial burghers doing business or living here. They do not want representative government with an unrestricted ballot to every male resident of twenty-one years of age. That would let in the colored population of ninety thousand (the largest colored population, by the way, of any city in the world). Negro suffrage was tried here more than thirty years ago when the District had a governor, a legislature and a representative in Congress. But all the same Washington is not satisfied with its triumvirate government. The President knows it and has recommended to Congress a change in the form of government for the District of Columbia and should his recommendation be adopted, Washington will have a single governor.

The President first calls attention to the rapid increase of population in the National Capital, which he says has recently greatly altered social conditions necessitating changes in the machinery of its administration. He suggests that a single executive head would increase efficiency, fix responsibility and eliminate delays and uncertainties such as exist under the present system. Whether Congress will pay any closer attention to the President's recommendations with reference to the District of Columbia than it has to his many other recent recommendations, is a problematical question.

The President-elect made a hasty and unexpected visit to the Capital one day this week, but left the same evening for his temporary southern home at Augusta, Ga. It is said that he came in answer to a request of President Roosevelt, who wished to consult him particularly with reference to his proposed trip to the Isthmus of Panama for purposes of canal inspection. At the White House it was decided that the trip should be made in two cruisers of the Navy and that Mr. Taft will set sail from Charleston on January the 25th. It will be remembered that when President Roosevelt went to the Panama Canal, another ship convoyed the one which bore him and the same precautions for the safety of the President-elect will be taken. It has been found that there is no provision in law for a successor to a President-elect should he die before his inauguration. The distinguished civil engineers Alfred Noble of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Frederick P. Stearns of Boston, will accompany Judge Taft, and consult and advise with him with reference to the condition of the canal especially as relates to the foundations of the Gatun dam.

It is known this morning that Senator Knox of Pennsylvania has been offered the premiership of the Taft cabinet and has signified his willingness to accept. Mr. Knox, it will be remembered, was Attorney General during President McKinley's Administration and also for a short time under President Roosevelt. He has been for four years Senator from Pennsylvania. He is looked upon as a great lawyer—not brilliant, but well read—and safe. He is a man of considerable wealth, supposed to be in the millionaire class, and owns one of the finest residences in Washington adjoining the home of Senator Hale of Maine, on "K" street near the corner of Sixteenth. The house was built by Mrs. George Washington Childs and bought by Senator Knox four or five years ago.

An executive order has been signed by the President prescribing a physical test for the officers and men of the Marine Corps. They will be required to walk fifty miles in three days or in twenty hours actual marching time and they must do this at least once in two years.

A feature of the walk is that during one of the marching periods the officers will be required to double quick at intervals as follows: two hundred yards with a half minute's rest; then three hundred yards with one minute's rest; and then complete the test in a two hundred yards dash, making in all seven hundred yards on the double quick with one and one-half minutes rest. This is what comes of having a President who can outwalk, out-run, out-box, out-ride and do many other outre physical things that fat and phlegmatic officers, whether in the naval, military, or marine services, have long ceased to do.

Prudence Island.

On Sunday, December 20th, the second service of the winter season was held in the church of the Holy Ghost recently built on the Island. Hitherto there have been services and sessions of the Sunday School only during the summer season. During the previous week a furnace, the gift of Mr. George Williams, of the W. E. Barrett Company, was installed and a fire was lighted for the first time at this service. There was an attendance of ten persons who heartily joined in the prayers, hymns and responses, which consisted of the vesper service with litany. An address was made by Frederic Bowman, a lay reader of the Diocese, now in charge, in which he emphasized the Christian duty of consistency in prayers and of remembering the condition on which in praying for forgiveness of our trespasses we ask it in the same measure which we extend to others.

He also drew attention to our incapability of judging aright the faults of others, being unable to know to what degree they may be owing to their natural weakness of character, their ignorance of the sinfulness of their acts, their environment, or their temptations and urging that if we feel ourselves in need of forgiveness and redemption deeming our brother however wrongfully as much worse than ourselves we should pray the more earnestly that God will spare him.

Thomas Allen appeared at the wharf the other day with an ox team, an unusual thing in these days when oxen have gone so largely out of use. The team attracted much attention from passengers on the boat, both from the novelty of the outfit and their striking color. Mr. Allen is now the only farmer on the island who continues to raise and break steers.

A new ice-house, of cement is being built for Madison Crain and is now about done. It is a new departure in farm buildings, wood being the material generally used.

There will be a Christmas service and festival at 2 p. m. in the School House on Tuesday, Dec. 29.

Boston is boasting of being the greatest lobster market in the world, handling nearly 7,000,000 pounds a year, of which over 4,000,000 pounds come from Nova Scotia. It is predicted that lobsters will be cheaper and more plentiful this winter than in 20 years.

Mrs. Zabriskie and her daughter Miss Zabriskie, are remaining here for the Christmas holidays, at their residence on Rhode Island avenue and Catherine street.

The Maine hunting season this year resulted in the killing of 10,000 deer, 200 moose and 13 persons.

Paymaster and Mrs. Hugo (Miss Gwendolin Whipple) are here visiting relatives.

Monday morning there was a goodly shipment of fish from Block Island.

Mr. Daniel LeRoy Dresser is visiting his sister, Mrs. John Nicholas Brown.

Mr. Fred M. Smyth of New York was in Newport the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., were in the city the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Shaw Safe who recently arrived in Europe, are spending the holiday season in London.

WEEKLY ALMANA

DECEMBER 1908. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
26 Sat	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
27 Sun	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
28 Mon	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
29 Tues	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
30 Wed	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
31 Thurs	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
1 Fri	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Full Moon, 7th day, 4h. [illegible]m., evening.
Last Quarter, 14th day, [illegible]h. [illegible]m., evening.
New Moon, 23d day, [illegible]h. [illegible]m., evening.
First Quarter, 30th day, [illegible]h. [illegible]m., morning.

To the Mercury subscribers outside of Rhode Island, living in other States.

I offer a tract of land for sale on Conanicut Island, with about ½ a mile of frontage on the waters of Narragansett Bay, $12,500 (twelve thousand five hundred dollars). There is a residence containing 13 rooms, a barn for 20 cows and 6 horses. A stream of water runs through the grounds, which is partly wooded. A most attractive place to be transformed into a paying farm and summer residence of unusual extent and picturesqueness.

Write to the sole agent, Mr. A. D. TAYLOR, 121 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I., who is a Commissioner of Deeds for most of the States, and Notary Public for Rhode Island.

Deaths.

In this city, 24th inst., at his residence, 1 Sharon court, Dennis Harrington, aged [illegible] years.

In this city, 23d inst., Alma [illegible], wife of James H. Brown.

In Portsmouth, 20th inst., Helen M., widow of William H. Gifford.

In Pascoag, 20th inst., Alonzo A. [illegible], in his [illegible] year.

In Lafayette, 20th inst., Paul G. Hendrick, in his 21st year.

In Central Falls, 21st inst., Abby, widow of Stephen Eldridge, in her 83d year.

—In Washington, D. C., 18th inst., [illegible] Kelney, daughter of Anthony and the late Bridget Gallagher.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

ORDERS FOR
Outside Painting
Inside Painting
Paper Hanging
Kalsomining
Glazing
Will receive prompt attention
in Workmanlike manner
if given to
John O. Willis,
26 BROADWAY
I AM ALSO AGENT FOR
Alfred Peats Wall Papers

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted 1908 by W. T. Foster.
Washington, D. C., Dec. 24, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Dec. 26 to 30, warm wave 26 to 27, cool wave 28 to 30. It was expected to bring severe storms and a great warm wave followed by a cool wave with rains.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Dec. 31, cross Pacific slope by close of Jan. 1, great central valleys 2 to 4, eastern states 5. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Dec. 31, great central valleys Jan. 2, eastern states 3. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 3, great central valleys 5, eastern states 7.

This disturbance will occur on the recovery from a cold wave and the five days centering on Jan. 3 will average colder than usual. The lowest temperatures caused by that cold wave will be on meridian 90 not far from Jan. 2, and will slowly progress eastward. The temperatures of that cold period will go more below normal in the cotton states, particularly in Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma, than in northern states.

Rains may be expected immediately before the cold wave that precedes this disturbance and as the cold wave comes in the rains will turn to snow which will go unusually far south. In my last bulletin I called it a cool wave but have concluded that it will be a radical cold wave.

My calculations for January indicate that the month will average colder than usual except in the lower Mississippi river states where it will be very cold first week of the month, the remainder of the month averaging much warmer. The mid-latitude states between the Rockies and Alleghenies, the northern states and also that part of Canada lying northwest of Lake Superior will get the great cold wave, the lowest temperatures of which will reach meridian 90 about Jan. 10 and that cold wave with the cold week at beginning of the month will cause temperatures of month to average much lower than usual.

The high temperature waves, moving eastward, will reach meridian 90 not far from Jan. 9, 14, 24 and Feb. 3. Most rain and snow will fall from Jan. 9 to 21.

"I never saw such a lazybones in all my life! Of what is the girl made?"

"She is supposed to be maid of all work."—Baltimore American.

WANTED

SUCCESSFUL boarding house keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel.
W. G. PECKHAM,
Westfield, N.J.
10-17-3w

IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best
Will not taint Water
Acid and Alkali Proof
Waterproof and fire-defying
Requires no coating for many years
Coated both sides, won't rot underneath
Can be used on steep or flat roofs
Can be applied over old roofs
Elastic and Pliable
Fire-Resisting.

WHAT IS IT?
CONGO
Never-Leak
Roofing.
WHO DOES IT?
BILL SHEPLEY,
7 Oak Street.
5-24f

USE
Diamond Hill
BIRD
—AND—
Poultry Grit,
FREE FROM DUST,
White and Clean,
INSURES
Healthy Fowl.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.
MANUFACTURED BY
Newport Compressed Brick Co.
Newport, R. I.
5-24f

A Full Line of all the
NEW
AND
Improved Varieties
OF
VEGETABLE SEEDS
FOR SALE BY
Fernando Barker.

DIKES IN GERMANY.

They Are Built With Great Care and Exactness.

When a dike is to be built—and they are still in place building dikes—it is first marked out by the heavily sharpened stakes, a long straight causeway leading out from shore and widening into a rounded head which abuts on the red line of the channel. Then a ground sill or foundation mattress of willows is woven and sunk at the head and pinned down and held in place by the sharpened pegs. Then wattles are woven and sand filled in, and in places rock, and then, founding up nearly out of the water and forming a tight covering to the heads, the hand squared blocks of stone are laid, as closely as a city pavement, all over the head and back along the neck of the old shore. It is as permanent and stable as the Harvard stadium, the dike so built, and the river, abandoning the space back of the tip to slack water or to be filled in with sand, flows on with entire grace in the restricted channel beyond the tip.

The care and exactness with which these dikes are made would be laughable if it were not so successful. In a land where hand labor is very cheap days are devoted to doing what in America would be roughly cast by machinery in a couple of hours. But the result is so admirable that one remembers regretfully the ugly pile dikes, the horrid fillings of the improved "off channel" banks of the Mississippi.

Where the dikes have accomplished their purpose and generally on the banks opposite to them the river is revetted above middle water. This, too, is done with the hand squared stones, and as a result the Elbe where completely finished resembles a broad canal between stone lined banks, the stone rising a few feet above the water, and above it the green slope of the fields or a fringe of willows. It is all peaceful, complete and generally beautiful, with at least the beauty of utility where it lacks that of ruggedness and wildness.—Boston Transcript.

GILA MONSTER'S BITE.

The Reptile Turns Over to Get Venom Into Its Victim.

It was his turning over habit that led me to the discovery as to the bite of the Gila monster. This creature, more like a short, sticky snake with legs on than anything else, has no poison fangs, like the rattlesnake, yet his bite may be just as dangerous. His poison teeth are in his lower jaw, and the poison comes from a gland under the tongue. If he bites without turning over the wound is not serious, but if he turns over there is great danger.

Dr. Snow of the University of Kansas wrote me some time ago of an experience he had with the bite of a Gila monster.

The reptile was caught and put in a bucket, the top of which was covered with paper. The bucket was then put in the wagon in which the doctor was driving. As the road was somewhat rough, the bucket was bounced up and down, and in order to steady it Dr. Snow put his hand behind him and took hold of the bucket, thrusting his fingers through the newspaper cover on its top so that he could hold it secure. Suddenly he felt the monster's grip on his fingers. Startled and somewhat alarmed, he carefully pried the jaws of the reptile open and released himself. The wounds were such as any ordinary bite would have made, and he suffered no more inconvenience than might have been expected.

There are many stories current in Arizona and Sonora as to deaths that have occurred from Gila monsters' bites, but it is hard to get at the facts. Careful experiments made with animals show that when the reptile bites and turns over, so that the poison flows down the tooth grooves into the wound, the bitten creatures die in a short time.—Suburban Life.

A Dead Bird.

Samuel Butler, the witty but eccentric author of "Erewhon," which means "Nowhere," and of many other remarkable and suggestive books, is now more read than during his lifetime. He died in 1902. In one of his notebooks he tells this incident, which must have amused the great Charles Darwin:

"Frank Darwin told me his father was once standing near the hippopotamus cage when a little boy and girl, aged four and five, came up. The hippopotamus shut his eyes for a minute.

"'That bird's dead,' said the little girl. 'Come along.'"

Her Lucky Number.

The byways as well as the highways of church life furnish much in the way of wit and humor. What, for instance, could be more mirth provoking than the naive confession of the cook of a London vicar who, being allowed to choose a hymn for the family prayers, was complimented on her choice by the vicar's wife?

"What a nice hymn you chose!" said the latter to the cook.

"Yes, mum; it's the number of my policeman."

Taking an Advantage.

"Your family seem to enjoy going to Europe."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox. "Mother and the girls have observed that I am weak on getting the value of foreign money. Things are ordered and paid for before I have time to make any intelligent inquiries as to the expense."—Washington Star.

Truthful.

"I hadn't been talking with him three minutes before he called me an ass. What sort of a person is he?"

"Well, I never knew him to tell a lie."

Awkward For the Aeronaut.

An element of humor characterized one of Mr. Spencer's Indian experiences. One day, after making a parachute descent, his balloon, traveling on, came down among some fisher folk, who promptly snatched the net to use for fishing lines and cut up the balloon to make waterproof clothing!—London Captain.

FREAK PAINTINGS.

A Tiny Work of Art and Rosa's Transformed Harpsichord.

Specially prepared canvases and gilded frames are not essential to the making of great paintings. This has been demonstrated by the artists who have painted masterpieces on scraps of board, shells, grains of corn and the walls of rooms and prison cells. Some of the most valued art objects belong to the freak class.

The smallest painting in the world of distinction was executed on the smooth side of a grain of corn by a Flemish artist. On this limited surface the artist painted to perfect detail a mill, a miller with a sack of grain on his back, a horse and cart and a group of several peasants standing in a road.

The largest picture ever painted is said to be a panorama of the Mississippi river, executed by John Banvard, an artist who died in Watertown, S. D., in 1891. The gigantic canvas was twenty-two feet high and nearly two miles long. It gave a detailed representation of 2,000 miles of the Father of Waters.

The largest of the old masters' canvases is Murillo's "Appearance of the Christ Child to St. Anthony of Padua." The picture is ten feet wide and eighteen feet high.

It is related that a friend called on Salvator Rosa in Florence one day and found him playing on an old harpsichord. The caller asked the artist why he kept such a worthless instrument.

"Why, it is not worth a scudo!" the friend said.

"I will wager," replied Rosa, "that it shall be worth a thousand before you see it again."

A bet was made. Rosa immediately painted a landscape on the lid that not only sold for 1,000 scudi, but was accounted a work of great merit.

The celebrated St. John's Wood clique of artists in London executed a series of large frescoes in oil on the walls of the studio of J. E. Hodgson, one of the members. The paintings were begun in the winter of 1864-5. Shakespearean subjects were chosen, and the figures were a little under life size.

When Hodgson moved from his studio an unappreciative tenant covered the walls of the room with brown wall paper, completely hiding the paintings. The frescoes were rediscovered by accident forty years afterward and restored.—Kansas City Star.

A CHARITY PATIENT.

The Price He Had to Pay For Expert Surgical Treatment.

The famous surgeon Velpeau was visited one day at his house during the consultation hour by a marquis renowned for his closeness. Velpeau informed the marquis that an operation was urgent and that the fee would amount to 4,000 francs. At this the marquis made a wry face and left. A fortnight later Dr. Velpeau, while making his rounds in the Hopital de la Charite, had his attention attracted by a face that seemed familiar to him. In answer to his inquiry it was stated that the patient was a footman of a nobleman in the Faubourg St. Germain. The surgeon found that his case resembled in every particular the somewhat unusual one for which the marquis had consulted him a fortnight previously. He refrained, however, from making any comments. Three weeks after the operation, when the patient was about to be discharged, Dr. Velpeau called him aside and exclaimed: "Monsieur, I am extremely flattered and pleased to have been able to cure you. There is, however, a small formality with which you will have to comply before I can sign your exeat—that is, you will have to sign a check for 10,000 francs in behalf of the public charity bureau of your metropolitan district." The patient's face became livid. "You can do what you like about it," continued the doctor, "but if you refuse all Paris will know tomorrow that the Marquis de D. adopted the disguise of a footman in order to secure free treatment at this hospital and to usurp the place which belongs by right to a pauper." Of course the marquis paid.—Argonaut.

The Storm Nose at Sea.

The picturesque name of storm nose (Gewitternase) is given in Germany to the wave of high barometric pressure which often precedes a storm or a heavy squall. The barometer rises suddenly and then falls more gradually. It is believed that this phenomenon is responsible for sudden changes in the level of the sea. Observations on the seas surrounding Denmark have led to the conclusion that the change of level thus produced sometimes amounts to no less than three feet.—Youth's Companion.

The Devil's Knell.

Among the famous bells of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, England, is one known as "Black Tom of Soothill," which was presented to the church in expiation of a murder. "Black Tom" is always rung on Christmas eve. Its solemn tolling as it strikes the first tap at exactly midnight is known all over Yorkshire as the "devil's knell," it being the notion that when Christ was born the devil died.—London Standard.

Shut Him Up.

Baldheaded Gentleman (having his boots polished in a hotel)—Confound it, you take an abominably long time about it. Shoeblack—Yes, sir. It ain't done so quick as when you 'as your 'air cut!—London Tit-Bits.

Do you wish to find out the really sublime? Repeat the Lord's Prayer.—Napoleon.

Knew the Symptoms.

The Minister—John, John, I am surprised to see you. What good does it do you getting muddled like this, putting you off your work? When you go to bed you cannot sleep, your tongue is parched, your head is like to split, and you have no appetite. John—Gie me yer hand, sir; ye've been drunk yersel!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

HIS ALIBI.

It Cleared the Accused, but Furnished an Odd Sequel.

A highly respectable gentleman arrived at York one evening with luggage and dined well, went to bed early, rose in good time and had a substantial breakfast. After this meal he casually asked the landlord if there was anything of special interest in York. "The assizes are on, but I do not know if there is anything particularly interesting in the list," was the response.

"Thanks," drawled the stranger. "I'll look in if I happen to pass the court and see."

He did look in and heard a follower of Dick Turpin in the dock, charged with highway robbery, pleading his innocence vehemently to a stolid judge and jury, who, with firm faces, did not look as if they placed much credence in the prisoner's profession of innocence. Suddenly the prisoner caught sight of the stranger, who had strolled in from the hotel out of curiosity.

"Here, thank God, is some one who can prove my innocence!" cried the prisoner, pointing to the stranger, who was aghast at becoming the center of interest so unexpectedly.

He seemed astonished and shook his head.

"Oh, yes!" cried the accused; "just think! You were at Dover—a long way from here. You came out of the Ship hotel, and I took your luggage in a wheelbarrow to the Calais packet at the pier. That was the day I am supposed to have committed the crime up here."

The stranger seemed bewildered. The judge, struck with the tragic earnestness of the prisoner, questioned the stranger, but the latter could not assist him much.

"Have you any notebooks," asked the judge—"any memorandum of your movements on that day?"

"I am a merchant," replied the stranger, "connected with an old established firm of bankers in London. I travel a lot and of course enter everything in my books. Here are my keys if the court cares to send to my hotel and bring here the books out of my case. I can easily settle the point."

The books were fetched. The gentleman had been in Dover that day and had left by the Calais packet. This was sufficient for the judge and jury. The prisoner was acquitted.

Comic sequel: Both the "banker from London" and the highwayman were placed in the same dock shortly afterward charged with daring burglaries in the neighborhood.—Harry Furniss in London Standard.

The Usher Woke Up.

At a certain county court the judge is in his private capacity a kind hearted man. The usher of the court is aged—very aged—but as he had been a faithful servant for many years he was retained in that capacity. One morning he fell asleep in court and began to snore. The noise he made naturally disturbed court proceedings, but the judge displayed great tact in dealing with the matter.

"Usher Jones," he called out loudly, "some one is snoring."

The usher woke up. He jumped to his feet and glared ferociously round.

"Silence!" he roared. "There must be no snoring in court!"—Exchange.

Without Imagination.

There is a certain New York business man of a rather waggish disposition who contends that his wife has no imagination.

At dinner one night he chanced to mention a tragic circumstance he had read in the evening paper on his way home. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in midocean and had never been seen again.

"Was he drowned?" asked the wife.

"Of course not," answered the irrepressible hubby, "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."—Lippincott's.

Heartless Gamblers.

The rage for gambling at White's and Almack's clubs in London in other days led to most outrageous betting, as to which Walpole tells what he calls a good tale: A man dropped down in a fit before the door and was carried inside. The club instantly made bets as to whether he would die or not, and when a doctor was called in to attend him his ministrations were interfered with by the members because, they said, these would affect the fairness of the bets.

Pitiful Sales.

Kits of sailors lost at sea are sold regularly at auction at the Albert docks in London. The sale provides many a pitiful sight. Most of the lots are contained in the regular sailor's sea chest, all marked with the name of the ship from which they come. It is not unusual for those who have lost friends or relatives at sea to attend these auctions, and there are times when the first news of such a loss comes through the recognition of familiar objects.

A Fair Offer.

Small boy (who has been watching amateur gunner's failures for an hour or more)—Say, mister.

Sportsman—Well, what is it, boy?

"Gimme a nickel an' a start as far as the fence an' you kin have one at me."—Life.

Reformed.

"I hear your son is something of an aviator, Mrs. Comeup."

"Well, to tell the truth, he was a bit that way, but he's taken the pledge."—Baltimore American.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.—Beecher.

There's nothing but that's bearable as long as a man can work.—Eliot.

Humility and Vanity.

It is the humble man that advances. He recognizes his imperfections and strives to improve. His progress is the result of his knowledge of self. The vain, conceited, arrogant man stands still.

Our Wonderful Railroads.

Gail Hamilton was right when she said that if there were never to be any railways on this continent it would have been an impertinence for Columbus to have discovered it. Only by the railways could its magnificent distances be bridged. Equally correct was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, when, on throwing up the first shovelful of earth for the first railway of the United States which was intended to carry passengers and freight, the Baltimore and Ohio, he exclaimed, "I consider this event second only to that of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, if second even to that." That was in 1828. But England was far ahead of us in railway building in the beginning. Even Russia got a better start than we did. At the outset we imported not only our locomotives and cars, but also the rails on which they were run and the men to run them. However, John Stevens, Peter Cooper, Evan Thomas, Matthias Baldwin and others changed all this and in their various fields laid the foundations of a railway system which is today in dimensions and completeness far ahead of that of any other half a dozen countries in the world combined.—Leslie's Weekly.

The Franz Hals Museum In Holland.

Old Haarlem calls up the shadow of Franz Hals. The museum is verily a sanctuary to his memory. There the famous corporation pictures hang. One sees the members of the various guilds in the fullness of careless life, eating, drinking and merrymaking. Here Hals is seen at the height of his power. The splendid color and directness of work are a revelation. Every figure seems alive, and one is convinced they were all in the flesh once. This great master with one bold stroke of his brush made these men immortal. At eighty years he still painted, and his last picture hangs beside his masterpieces. Haarlem and Hals will be associated as long as the place lasts. One marvels at the execution of the Dutch painters, whether it be in the broad work of Hals or in the miniature finish of the genre masters. All of them had a splendid sense of values, atmosphere and human life; a perfect harmony of relation fills their canvases.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Unconquerable.

It was a veteran soldiery that repeopled the plantations and the homesteads of the south, writes Thomas Nelson Page in the Old Dominion, and withstood the forces thrown against them during the period of reconstruction. In addition to personal pride, self reliance and physical courage, they possessed also race pride, which is inestimable in a great popular struggle.

However beaten and broken they were, the people came out of the war with their spirit unquenched and a belief that they were unconquerable.

A story used to be told of an old Confederate soldier who was trudging home after the war, broken and ragged and worn. He was asked what he would do if the Yankees got after him when he reached home.

"Oh, they ain't goin' to trouble me," he said. "If they do I'll just whip 'em again."

Overtime.

"Look here," said the office boy, "I think the boss ought to gimme a bit extra this week, but I guess he won't."

"What for?" asked the bookkeeper.

"For overtime. I wuz dreamin' about me work all las' night."—London Truth.

Sharp and Blunt.

Cora—She has such keen perceptions.

Dora—And such a blunt way of conveying them.—Puck.

HEMORRHOIDS SORES AND ECZEMA

Accompanied by Terrible Itching—A Complicated and Most Distressing Case—Well-known Remedies Failed to Cure—Doctor Thought an Operation Necessary—Then

CUTICURA PROVED ITS WONDERFUL EFFICACY

"I am now eighty years old and one morning, three years ago, I was taken with a hard pain in my right side. In two days I had an attack of piles (hemorrhoids), bleeding and protruding. The doctor gave me some medicine and an ointment for them which helped me some but I had to keep using them all the time. Then I changed to the P—— remedy; but if I did not use it every day, I would get worse. The doctor said the only help for me was to go to a hospital and be operated on. At this time, about a year ago, I went to using the S—— remedies. I tried them for four or five months but did not get much help for my piles. During this time sores would come on a fleshy part of my body. They bothered me all the time. I would get one healed and another would come. These sores changed to eczema, accompanied by a terrible itching. It seemed as if I could not keep my hands from tearing my flesh. This and the pile trouble brought on an inflamed condition. Then I got the Cuticura Remedies. I washed the affected parts with Cuticura Soap and warm water in the morning, at noon, and at night, then used Cuticura Ointment on the irritated surfaces and injected a quantity of Cuticura Ointment with a Cuticura Suppository Syringe. I also took Cuticura Resolvent Pills three times a day. It took a month of this treatment to get me in a fairly healthy state and then I treated myself once a day for three months and, after that, once or twice a week. It is fortunate that I used Cuticura. The treatments I had tried took a lot of money that I would have saved by using Cuticura Remedies sooner, but I am wiser now. I am supplied with a full set of the Cuticura Remedies and would not feel safe without them. J. H. Henderson, Hopkinton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Apr. 26, 1907."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), (or in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills 25c. per vial of 60) to Purify the Blood. [illegible] Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass.

32-Page Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY

303 THAMES STREET.

A General Banking Business Transacted. We Solicit Your Business.

ANGUS McLEOD, President,
THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Vice President,
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

DIRECTORS:

George F. Baker,
Edward J. Berwind,
Charles A. Brackett,
Cyrus P. Brown,
Samuel P. Colt,
Henry F. Eldridge,
Otis Everett,
Frederick P. Garrettson,
Elbridge T. Gerry,
Jeremiah W. Horton,
Arthur L. Kelley,
Thomas A. Lawton,
Lewis Cass Ledyard,
Angus McLeod,
J. Pierpont Morgan,
Levi P. Morton,
Maxwell Norman,
Thomas P. Peckham,
Andrew K. Quinn,
Charles L. F. Robinson,
William G. Roelker,
James Stillman,
Jeremiah K. Sullivan,
Henry A. C. Taylor,
George Peabody Wetmore,
James T. Woodward.

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street, Phone 1133

For Holiday Trade

GREAT DISCOUNT SALE IN

Millinery

GET YOUR

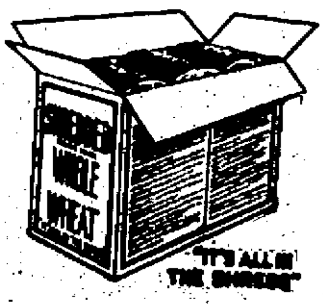
Trimmed Hats NOW

CHOICE SELECTION

Specialties in CHILDREN'S HATS

CHOICE LINE

FUR HATS.



"IT'S ALL IN THE SHRED"

OUR SUPPLY OF

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCU

the favorite breakfast cereal, is always fresh. We carry no stale stocks of anything.

S. S. THOMPSON.

Pocahontas
Georges Creek
Lykens Valley
Lorberry

COAL

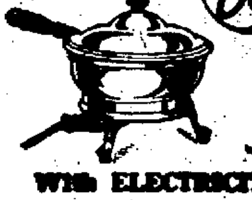
Pittston
Lehigh
Reading
Cannel

NEWPORT COAL COMPANY,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Telephone 222.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to
2-8 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, $2 up. Special Rates by the Week.

F. H. WISWELL, Pro

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with M. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—[illegible] p. m.

Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAN

H. S. [illegible]

Real Estate A

OLD SCHOOL DOCTORS

Ignorance of Physicians of the Eighteenth Century.

TORTURE FOR THE PATIENTS.

Every Ailment Beyond Diagnosis Was Classed as a Fever, and Pills, Plasters, Burning and Bleeding Were the Regulation Remedies.

The proverb "The remedy is worse than the disease" must have been coined in the eighteenth century, when physicians treated their patients with a violence that bordered on assault and battery. It was held that sickness was some kind of a demon that must be overcome by pills, plasters, bleeding and burning, and if the patient incidentally got the full effects of the torture and died, so much the worse for him. Air and water were considered the most dangerous things for a sick person to have, and his misguided demand for them was interpreted as a sign that he should have still less. The windows were shut and the curtains of the four poster tightly drawn around the recumbent unfortunate gasping for breath. If he burned with fever the blankets were piled on him. A desire for water meant that he could have none, while a lack of appetite proved that he ought to be stuffed with food. A bath was positively unthinkable.

The deadly results of breathing "night air" were accentuated by medical writers, says S. G. Tallentyre in the Cornhill Magazine. All air was bad, but the night quality often proved fatal to "young ladies of beauty, fortune and great merit" and to "young gentlemen of parts and breeding." One bold medico recommended that a bedchamber should be ventilated—in the daytime. Another dared to suggest that consumptives might benefit from sleeping in a pure atmosphere. The rule for ablutions was "hands often, feet seldom, head never," but a physician far in advance of his age surmised that invalids might bathe their feet in warm water once a week and under extraordinary circumstances take a warm bath once a month.

Overeating and drinking caused many of the diseases of the upper classes. Montesquieu said that dinner killed one half of the Parisians and supper the other half. Everywhere it was the custom to pile the table with roast beef, mutton, capons, boars' heads, pasties, creams, stuffings and mincemeats. A fearful repast of twelve indigestible courses was brought on all together, so that the diners knew what was expected of them. A large breakfast of small beer and meats preceded the gigantic midday meal, when people enjoyed a Gargantuan gorge for three hours and spent two more in Falstaffian potations. After this the gentlemen joined the women for a dish of tea in the drawing room, and it was not long before the whole party of human anacondas returned to the dining room for a supper on the cold remnants of the dinner. Amid this orgy of gluttony Walpole and Voltaire were distinguished for an abstinence that prolonged their lives.

Heavy drinking was universal and rarely reprimanded by medical men, as by Dr. Tronchin. One Dr. Cheyne advised women not to take a whole bottle a day. Another authority wrote a popular treatise in which the best means of attaining longevity was stated to be a bottle of wine at dinner and three glasses after. Those who followed such advice were in danger of being dubbed temperance cranks. A story is told of the celebrated and convivial Dr. Garth, who was tipping bumpers at the Kit-Kat club when reminded that his patients needed attention. "'Tis no matter," said Garth, already half seas over, "if I see them or not. Nine have such bad constitutions that all the doctors in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good that all the doctors in the world can't kill them."

A physician named Brown became the pet of fashionable women by always prescribing pleasant remedies, "a glass of wine in the forenoon from time to time," "several glasses of port or punch after dinner till some cultivating effect is perceived from them." Together with inordinate quantities of liquor and food, Dr. Brown recommended to his male patients the company of "delightful young women." One of the natural consequences of such an agreeable regimen was the gout, for which eighteenth century high livers took seas of liquid medicines, mountains of pills and bins of powders.

Any disease beyond diagnosis was put down as "a fever." Whether typhus or typhoid, scarlet or gastric, noncontagious or violently infectious, anything which caused a rise in temperature was sufficiently described by the term fever. Smallpox, scurvy, spotted and jail fever were maladies distinctive of the age. Disinfection and first aid to natures were never dreamed of, while the patient was dosed with horrible drafts and nauseating compounds and bled on every possible occasion. Louis XIV. was bled nine times for scarlet fever. Bleeding killed the Duchess of Tremouille and her husband. When a mob attacked the Duke of Bedford's house in 1765 the doctors remedied the outrage by bleeding the duchess next morning. A young man who fell against a marble table and cut his head open was treated by having a few pints of extra blood drawn from his veins by an expert surgeon. Blistering was esteemed next to bleeding. A fashionable remedy for consumption was a mash of raw snails, shells and all, taken from a spoon.

A Rule of Auto Etiquette.

No gentleman will take another man's automobile out in the country and blow it into such small pieces that it cannot be removed to a repair shop. —Chicago Record-Herald.

Quite Obvious.

A needle has only one eye, but it looks sharp just the same.—London Family Herald.

THE RIVER NILE.

Ancient Greeks and the Process of Sterilizing Water.

The ancient Greeks already recommended the use of sterilized water. Rufus of Ephesus, in the first century of this era, taught that "all water from rivers and ponds is bad except that from the Nile. Water from rivers which flow through unhealthy soil, stagnant water and that which flows near public bathing places is harmful. The best water is that which has been boiled in baked earthenware vessels, cooled and then heated a second time before drinking."

This hygienic prescription was intended both for healthy and sick people, since it was applied to the armies:

"During marches and in camps pits must be dug successively from the highest point to the lowest level of the place. These holes should be lined with clay such as is used for making pottery and the water should be made to percolate through it. The water will leave all its impurities in these pits."

It may be inquired how the ancient Greeks, knowing the processes of sterilization and filtration of water which they applied to that of the most limpid rivers, should have drunk without precautions the water of the Nile, which our microscopes allow us to declare "sound," but which is in appearance the most worthy of suspicion of all and is so muddy, so yellow, that it resembles wine.—Gazette des Eaux.

THE BASILISK.

How the Fabulous Monster Was Pictured by Ancient Writers.

The basilisk was the most famous of the many fabulous monsters of medieval folklore. According to the popular notion, it was hatched by a toad from an egg laid by the cock of the common barnyard fowl. In the ancient picture books it was usually represented as an eight limbed serpent or dragon, sometimes with and sometimes without wings. Its name is derived from basiliscos, meaning a little king, and was applied because the creature was figured with a circle of white spots on its head which much resembled a crown. The cockatrice, a species of basilisk, besides having a crown, possessed a comb which was an exact counterpart of the cock's.

Pliny assures us that the basilisk had a voice which "struck terror to the hearts of men, beasts and serpents." The Bible classes it with the lion, the serpent and the dragon as one of the most formidable creatures. Old writers—Pliny, Bascho and others—say that its bite was mortal in every case, that its breath was suffocating and that no plant would grow in the vicinity of its lair. Its dead body was often suspended in belfries to prevent swallows from building there.

Disease Scents.

"Every disease almost has its peculiar odor," said a doctor. "This odor helps us greatly in diagnosis.

"Gout imparts to the skin a smell precisely like whey. Diabetes causes a sweet, honey-like smell. Jaundice occasions a smell of musk. Smallpox has a very strong and hideous smell. It is like burning bones. Measles has a smell as of fresh plucked feathers.

"The fevers have the most distinctive odors. The odor of typhus is ammoniacal; that of intermittent is like fresh brown bread hot from the oven; that of typhus is musty, recalling to the mind old, damp cellars; that of yellow fever is like the washings of a dirty gun barrel.

"So, you see, to speak of a doctor scenting our disease is not to use a mere figure of speech."

A Surprise For the Thief.

Herr Hager, a rich and influential banker, frequently had watches picked from his pocket. At first he had recourse to all kinds of safety chains; then one morning he took no precaution whatever and quietly allowed himself to be robbed. At night, on returning from his business, he took up the evening paper; he uttered an exclamation of delight. A watch had exploded in a man's hands. The victim's hands were shattered and the left eye destroyed. The crafty banker had filled the watch case with dynamite, which exploded in the operation of winding.—London Telegraph.

A Difficult Task.

One of the greatest puzzles, said a member of parliament, is how to concede the most worthy and honorable intentions to an opponent, how to profess an unswerving and unfading belief in his uncompromising veracity and bona fides and at the same time to convey a distinct conviction that he is an impostor and a humbug of the first water and an accomplished Ananias carrying a welter of thirteen stone seven pounds in the mendacity handicap.—London Opinion.

The Other Way.

"I heard that Ranter broke down in the middle of his speech the other night," said the man who was kept at home by illness.

"Not exactly," replied the man who was there. "The meeting broke up right in the middle of his speech!"

Luck in Horseshoes.

The superstition about luck in horseshoes dates back too far for record, but it was not always confined to the horseshoe. Any piece of iron found in one's path was accounted a sign of good luck, and as horseshoes were more commonly picked up than any other article of that metal that particular object at last became the standard emblem of good fortune and the supposed defense against bad luck. In Aubrey's "Miscellanies," written 200 years ago, the author mentions having seen the horseshoe nailed up in church, and he also says that "most of the houses in the west end of London have the horseshoe on the threshold." The horseshoe to possess virtue must have been found, not purchased or hooked up. Admiral Nelson had great faith in the luck of the horseshoe, and one was nailed to the mast of his ship, the Victory.—London Chronicle.

Food and Emotion.

The following really happened on board a pleasure steamer in the Kyles of Bute. A young honeymoon couple were sitting side by side gazing on the lovely scenery around them.

"Isn't it heavenly, George?" she murmured. "I feel thrills all over me."

Then without a pause, as if still carried away by the inspiration of the moment, "Dearest, if there are any left I think I would like a chocolate."

No good reason exists why spiritual emotions should not make one hungry. The bride who demanded sweets was wiser than a girl who once remained starving and inconsolable in her room after the departure of her lover for India. At last an amateur Hebe ventured upstairs with a cup of coffee and a plate of toast. Yielding to persuasion, the afflicted maiden was induced to eat and drink and began to look somewhat less dejected.

"I believe I was dying for something all the time," she finally confessed, "but I was afraid to ask lest people would believe me to be less unhappy than I really am."—London Black and White.

A Tribute to Sauerkraut.

Those Americans who have visited Munich know well the noble statue at the head of the Kartoffelsaladstrasse, raised by grateful Bavaria to the memory of St. Hermann of Pilsen, inventor and protagonist of sauerkraut. The genial old saint, a smile upon his face, is seen stirring a large kettle of kraut with an oar of gilt bronze, and so lifelike is the carving that the traveler, standing by, can well nigh scent the perfumed steam and hear the flutter of angelic wings. In these unromantic United States we have no public monuments to Hermann, and his very name indeed is unknown to all save a few cognoscenti. But nevertheless and notwithstanding this neglect the delicious victual he gave to the world is firmly enshrined in the hearts of the American people. Stewed gently in Rhine wine, it tickles the esophagi of the opulent; boiled in plain hydrant water, it nourishes the son of toil. It is at once a viand, a passion and a public institution.—Baltimore Sun.

Scared Out of the Duel.

One day M. Edmond About called upon Grisier, the most celebrated fencing master of his day. "I am in a quandary," said About. "I allowed myself yesterday the pleasure of a joke in bad taste, and a duel is to be the result. I know nothing whatever about fencing, and, as you can see, I am fat. Will you give me a lesson, so that I may not make myself too ridiculous?" The lesson was given, but About proved a very poor pupil. On his way out he saw a photograph of Grisier. "I suppose," he said, "I must not ask you for one of these?" "With the greatest pleasure," said the fencing master. And, with a chuckle, Grisier wrote across the photograph, "To M. Edmond About, the best pupil I have ever had." A few hours afterward the seconds of About's adversary called on the writer, saw the photograph on the mantelpiece and, fearing for their friend at the hands of so redoubtable a swordsman, arranged the affair without any duel.

Lady Betty
Across the Water
Starts To-day
Don't Miss a Copy

Humor at Funerals.

In "Other Days" William Winter, the famous dramatic critic, tells how he and Joseph Jefferson were among the pallbearers at McCullough's funeral. "As our melancholy train was halted in a Philadelphia street," says Mr. Winter, "he glanced along the line and gravely remarked, 'I never knew before that there were so many walking gentlemen in my profession.'" Another quaint anecdote which he tells with reference to a melancholy occasion is this one on the burial of John Brougham:

"Edwin Booth and I assisted to bear his pall. I remember that the two gravediggers after they had lowered his coffin a little way into the grave were constrained, with many muttered exclamations of 'Aise her!' and 'Raise her!' to lift it up again in order to enlarge the cavity. Booth and I, like Hamlet and Horatio, were standing under a neighboring tree observing these proceedings, and nothing was ever more woefully comic or more humorously rueful than Hamlet's smile as he looked at me with those deep, melancholy eyes and with that little, furtive glance, murmuring as he did so, 'It's the last recall.'"

Trouble Making.

Trouble making is an older industry than the manufacture of steel. Cain, the trouble maker, got into action before Tubal Cain, the ironworker, and Eve got Adam into hot water long before the boilermakers' union began business.

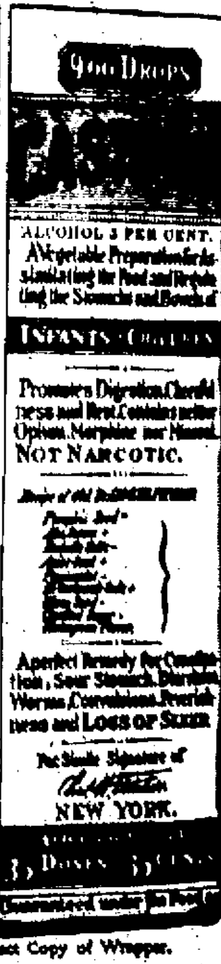
There are three brands of trouble—imaginary, borrowed and real. Imaginary trouble consists of railroad accidents, earthquakes, fires, suicides, diseases such as the patent medicine man makes, the poorhouse, death and the grave carefully mixed and taken after a late dinner or a drop in the stock market.

Borrowed trouble is the kind we get from our relatives. Its principal ingredients are visits, borrowed money, birthday presents, advice and expectations. But the real article is produced as follows: Put the sandals of endurance on your feet, take your life in your hands and follow by turns the bow to he happy philosopher, the preacher of physical culture and the apostle of diet.—Puck.

His Hunt For Home.

On one occasion De Pachmann, the famous pianist, with his nervous and irritable temperament, was summoned to appear before Queen Alexandra at Buckingham palace. He immediately adopted anarchism as his political faith and obstinately refused to go. His friends labored with him for hours and at last persuaded him not to commit an impertinence which would never be forgiven by the English people.

Finally he was dispatched in a cab. The night wore on to morning, and the frantic wife of the pianist and his friends could learn nothing of what had become of him. At last a forlorn looking cab drove up to the house, and De Pachmann dismounted. On leaving the palace he had forgotten where he lived and could only tell the cabman that it was in a square with a church in it. So all night long he had been engaged in making a round of the innumerable squares of London.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.
In Use For Over Thirty Years
CASTORIA
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

SUGGESTED BY CHILDREN.

Origin of the Argand Lamp and the Telescope.

Some of our most useful mechanical appliances owe their existence to the ingenuity of children in fashioning their playthings. Argand, who invented a lamp with a wick fitted into a hollow cylinder, was one day busy in his workroom. Sitting before the burning lamp, his little brother was amusing himself by placing a bottomless oil flask over different articles. Suddenly he placed it upon the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long circular neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. Argand did not allow such a suggestive occurrence to escape him. The idea of the lamp chimney almost immediately came into his head, and in a short time his invention was perfected.

The telescope owes its origin to a similar occurrence. The children of a Dutch spectacle maker happened to be playing one day with some of their father's glasses in front of the shop door. Placing two of the glasses together, they peeped through them and were exceedingly astonished to see the weathercock of the neighboring steeple brought within a short distance of their eyes. They were naturally puzzled and called their father to see the strange sight. When the spectacle maker looked through the glasses he was no less surprised than the children had been. He went indoors and thought the matter over, and then the idea occurred to him that he might construct a curious new toy which would give people a good deal of amusement. Not long after the telescope was an accomplished fact.

THE SUBTLE FEMALE.

How She Wheedles and Bullies the Poor Man Creature.

As woman gradually impressed upon man the futility of strutting around in finery and the necessity of being practically useful his garb has become more and more sober and workaday in appearance. Ethnologists tell us that the decorations of primitive man were intended to fascinate feminine eyes, but woman presently began to make it clear that she was not hunting for "a fine, showy article," but something solid and plain and useful, warranted to stand wear and tear. As for the ornamental role, she was going to represent the family herself in that line.

In fact, when one reflects how man has been stripped of gauds and wheedled out of his fripperies one by one, one cannot help feeling a tender pity for this victim of feminine self aggrandizement. Poor, timid trembler! A vague, general fear of the female sex haunts him. Afraid of being married against his will, he is circumvented by some subtle female creature who makes him think that it is his will to marry her. An observer remarks that a man very often in running away from the right woman runs straight into the arms of the wrong woman. And the wrong woman, that great opportunist, is always waiting there to block his headlong flight and switch it toward the altar.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Easy Job.

Indifference displayed in the face of the uncertainties and dangers of life is characteristic of the Wessex dwellers in the "Islands of the Vale," according to Eleanor G. Hayden, the author of the book of the title, who supports her statement with a story of humorous turn.

A certain cottage and its old mistress had improved so greatly in comfort and appearance that a visitor shrewdly surmised that the son of the house, a lazy ne'er do well, had turned over a new leaf. He inquired about it.

"Yes, sir, my son's in work now," said the smiling old mother. "Takes good money, he does, too. All he has to do is to go twice a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. The rest of the time he has to himself."

Seaboard Air Line Ry
SHORTEST LINE TO
FLORIDA and SOUTHWEST,
DIRECT ROUTE TO
Pinehurst, Camden, Jacksonville
and all Florida Resorts.

Through Pullman trains without change. Cafe dining cars. Direct connection from New England points at New York and Washington. Tourists' tickets now on sale at reduced rates via all-rail or steamer and rail, allowing stop-over privileges.
For booklets on winter resorts and schedules of trains apply to
CHAS. L. LONGSDORF, N. E. P. A.
360 Washington Street, Boston.

ERRATIC SCIENCE.

Some Wonderful Answers by Schoolroom Small Boys.

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas," wrote a small boy in the science examination. Other examples of the "howler" are compiled by a writer in the Scientific American:

"Air is the most necessary of all the elements. If there were no such thing as air I would not be writing this essay now, also there would be no pneumatic tires, which would be a sad loss.

"Electricity and lightning are of the same nature, the only difference being that lightning is often several miles in length, while electricity is only a few inches.

"Air usually has no weight, but found to weigh about fifteen pounds to a square inch.

"The axis of the earth is an imaginary line on which the earth is supposed to take its daily routine.

"The difference between air and water is that air can be made wetter, but water cannot.

"Gravity is chiefly noticeable in the autumn when the apples are falling from the trees.

"Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.

"A parallel straight line is one which if produced to meet itself does not meet.

"The blood is putrefied in the lungs by inspired air."

TIPS IN SCOTLAND.

An Example of How Some Servants Win Their Wages.

A gentleman was invited to a shoot in Scotland at two places close together. He arrived at the first place, and immediately after his arrival at the first house received a telegram calling him back to town. He, however, determined to have one day's shooting and to proceed to town by the night mail.

At the end of the day he gave the head keeper £1 and asked him to send his gun and cartridge bag over to the other place for which he had an invitation and where he proposed proceeding in three or four days' time.

On his arrival there after his visit to town he found his gun, etc., had not arrived, whereupon he wrote to the keeper, asking him to forward it at once, and he received a reply stating that when he (the keeper) had received the other £4 to which he was "entitled" the gun would be forwarded. It was detained till payment was made.

The gentleman wrote to the keeper's master and received a reply that "he (the master) never interfered between his guests and his servants in the matter of tips." The gentleman ascertained that the master in question paid the keeper no wages, but left him to get what he could out of the guests.—London Times.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought

Slim Women of Hungary.

The women of Hungary regard a small waist as the greatest possible beauty, and they will endure anything in order to put on an appearance of being small waisted. Tight lacing is carried on to an extraordinary extent, and the waist is compressed by force until one would think that the owner could hardly breathe. Yet in this confined state the women will plunge into the wildest of Hungarian dances, known as the czardas, and prance frantically like ballet dancers until at the end they sink, gasping, exhausted and well nigh suffocated, on a sofa. As they grow older most of these slim beauties become enormously stout, and then they are regarded as quite old. The Hungarians, though they resemble the Turks in many ways, have not the Turkish admiration for fat women or the English admiration for elderly made up belles. Hungary is a land of slim young women, and when they lose their figure they lose their attractiveness and their power.—Modern Society.

"Times Is Changed."

"Yes, siree, Bill; times is changed since you an' me was doin' our courtin'," said Adoniram Clover, with a note of sadness in his voice, to old Andy Clover, who had come over to "set a spell."

"When we was doin' our courtin', Andy, a gal thought she was bein' treated right harnsom if a feller bought her 10 cents' with o' pep'mints once in awhile, an' if he tuk her to any doin's in town she didn't expect him to go down into his jeans to the tune of a dollar or two for ice cream an' soda water an' candy at fo'ty cents a pound. My son Si tuk his duckydaddle to the band concert in town yistiday, an' there wa'n't a quarter left of a dollar bill he struck me fer time he got home. Beats all the way young folks throw the money away nowadays. I tell ye times is changed mightily since we was boys, an' the Lawd only knows what the end will be with a feller layin' out 75 cents on a gal in one day!"—St. Louis Republic.

The Innocent Young Thing.

The manufacturer of a moving picture machine was explaining to a group of acquaintances how he had obtained a series of pictures showing a celebrated massacre that had once taken place at a western army post in the days when Indian warfare was a horrible reality instead of an exhibit on a Broadway stage.

"The commander of the post," he said, "had a detachment of soldiers and another of Indians re-enact the scene for us, dressed exactly as in the old days, so our machines could secure every detail—the onslaught of the Indians, the defense by the white soldiers, their massacre and the destruction of the fort."

"It may be very interesting," said the kindly citizen, "but I should not care to see it in even a picture."

The sweet young thing listened with wide eyes.

"And did they really kill the white soldiers for you?" she asked, breathless.—New York Press.

Two Arctic Enemies.

Since the beginning of time there probably has been enmity between the polar bear and the walrus. Except for the walrus, bruin's reign over the arctic regions has been almost unchallenged since the race of mammoths passed. All the hardy flesh eaters that inhabit the bleak, unfertile northland are his natural prey. But most of all he depends upon the seals and sea lions for his food. There is only one animal that is powerful enough to defend itself and offspring against the polar bear's attack, the huge and cumbrous walrus, but its movements are so slow and awkward when out of the water that often it is impossible for the bulky animal to retard the swift attack and retreat of its smaller opponent.—Frank Stick in St. Nicholas.

Three of Them Knew.

According to the Philadelphia Record, a boy of eight said to his mother:

"Well, there were only three boys in school today who could answer one question that the teacher asked us."

"And I hope my boy was one of the three," said the proud mother.

"You bet I was," answered the young hopeful, "and Sam Harris and Harry Stone were the other two."

"I am very glad you proved yourself so good a scholar, my son; it makes your mother proud of you. What question did the teacher ask, Johnny?"

"'Who broke that glass in the back window?'"

A Real Romance.

Sometimes there are instances in life like those in the story books: An Atchison girl engaged herself to a carpenter, thinking he was poor, and discovered on the eve of her wedding day that he had $150 in the bank. He had not told her, wishing her to love him for himself alone.—Atchison Globe.

A Big Bathtub.

The tides run out swiftly in the bay of Fundy.

A summer urchin, witnessing the phenomenon for the first time, yelled shrilly: "Mamma, look quick! Some one has pulled the plug out of the ocean!"

Cold and a Candle.

Dr. Moss of the English polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned. The temperature was 35 degrees below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm. It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lacelike cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside of it and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light.

A Prohibited Weapon.

Every traveler knows that there are certain restrictions upon the introduction of arms into foreign countries. Among the weapons which it is forbidden to take into France is the "tromblon," which is expressly mentioned in the Bengal code as a weapon the carrying and sale of which are not allowed. And yet the "tromblon" is not a firearm which is commonly used nowadays, for it is nothing else than the blunderbuss, a weapon which old caricatures show to have been carried by the guards of coaches as a protection against highwaymen and to have been hung over his fireplace by John Bull at the time of the scare of a Napoleonic invasion a hundred years ago. The blunderbuss had a flintlock, a short barrel and a muzzle like a trumpet, the bell mouth being designed to scatter the slugs with which the primitive piece was charged. Any one who buys one at an old curiosity shop had better take care how he introduces it into France, for the penalty for doing so is a fine of 200 francs.—London Chronicle.

Took His Joke Seriously.

A funny incident occurred aboard one of our big battleships. While at anchor off some large city a delegation of ladies representing the W. C. T. U. came aboard and were much interested in all they saw. One of the visitors, spying the chit box for the wine mess, which was fastened up in the ward room, inquired what it was. A young officer, being facetiously inclined and not for one moment supposing that his joke would be taken seriously, told her it was a box for foreign missions and that the officers were always glad to have all those who came aboard contribute. Nothing more was thought of the matter till the end of the month, when the box was opened and, to the astonishment of all, was found to contain $12.30. The dilemma was overcome by sending a check for the amount, together with a letter of explanation, to the secretary of the navy requesting that he have it forwarded through the proper channel to the cause for which it was contributed.—Army and Navy Life.

Interpreting a Gift.

A Philadelphia man sent as a present to his son and daughter-in-law a gold eagle and with it the following letter:

"The woman on the face of this coin is for you, Clarence, because men usually like good looking women. The eagle on the reverse, with the feathers on its legs, is for Lottie, because women are supposed to like birds and feathers.

"The 'E Pluribus Unum,' which you know is translated 'One of Many,' means that of the many of them you would like to have this is the only one you get.

"The thirteen stars, being an unlucky number, indicate the hard luck many of us have in our efforts to gather in the quantity of these coins we really have need for, but, then, the forty-six stars around the rim tell you that by working like 'forty' six days in the week you can probably accumulate enough to see you through."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Vain Pride.

"Well, how do you think this looks?" asks Mr. Binderby, coming into his wife's boudoir while she is arranging her coiffure.

"How does what look?" she inquires in tones that are muffled by some hairpins she has between her lips.

"I got this toupee to cover my bald spot. I'm always catching cold and"—

"Why, John James Binderby! The very idea!" she exclaims. "I thought you were a man who was above such petty vanity. When a man becomes so self conscious of his looks it has really a suspicious appearance."

Whereupon Mr. Binderby takes off the toupee and combs the four long locks of hair over his bald spot, and his wife continues to pin on the perfectly lovely puffs that so enhance her beauty.—Chicago Post.

The Romans Invented Horsepower.

The Romans, among whom agriculture was a highly favored occupation, were an inventive race, especially in the matter of labor saving machines. Recognizing the drudgery of hand mills, they invented those whose motive power was imparted by asses, mules and oxen and introduced them into all the countries conquered by their victorious armies. There is no positive record of the name of the originator of this improvement in milling.

"Where are you going, ma?" asked the youngest of the five children, from his bed.

"I'm going to a surprise party, my dear," answered the mother.

"Can't we go, too?"

"No, dear. You weren't invited."

After a few moments of deep thought, during which the mother was bidding the others good night:

"Say, ma, don't you think they'd be lots more surprised if you took us all?"—Youth's Companion.

"Our hearts, our thoughts, our very beings grow tender with age," said the boarding-house keeper thoughtfully.

"Yes," said the new boarder, who was battling with a piece of fowl; "but hens do not." The landlady looked as if she saw the point.

"There is nothing like settling down," said a retired merchant confidently to his neighbor. "When I gave up business I settled down, and found I had quite a comfortable fortune. If I had settled up, I should not have had a cent."

"Everything I touch drops," said Mrs. Jarley, as her fork fell on the floor.

Mr. Jarley replied: "I wish you would touch the price of beef," as he reached for a piece of steak that cost twenty cents a pound.—Syracuse Times.

When a woman falls in love with a man, she is preparing to find him out. A woman in love believes a whole lot of things about the subject of her affection that he is sure to disappoint her in, and she will claim finally that he "deceived" her.

Fashion note: Women's skirts will be worn so narrow this winter that they never in the world will be able to run to a fire.

Plea For "Home" Women.

Their Lives More Satisfying, It is Argued, Than Those That Go with Careers.

(From the St. Louis Star)

A beautiful young woman has declared that as a life work she had rather sew and cook than take up a "career," professional or otherwise. That instead of doing something accounted as really "worth while" either in the literary, artistic or commercial field, or even reducing the gentle art of "slumming" to an exact science, the latter endeavor having become quite popular of late years, she would prefer just to excel in the homely and wifely virtues of cooking and sewing.

Such young ladies must be accorded the distinction given to things unusual or anomalous, and are doubtless deserving of real commendation. Perhaps she would like to darn woolen socks by the kitchen lamp or sew on buttons by the firelight. It is even possible that it would cause her a thrill of joy to burnish the metal buttons and other trimmings adorning the habiliments of her lord and master, who may be a city employee or a lordly Hercules, drawing the princely stipend of $12 per, with prospects. And possibly she may hanker to prepare culinary delicacies or monstrosities, gastronomical anarchies, as it were, as a side diversion and accompaniment to preparing a half-dozen young hopefuls for schools, at the same time ministering to the modest wishes of a baby in arms.

One can never tell what point of the compass a girl's mind may turn to, especially a very pretty girl. When some of the "young things" are just dying to break into the political game, crowd the lecture platform or pulpit or do horse-shoeing or plumbing, it would certainly not be the one best bet to say that in a matinee bunch of a half dozen girls even two of that number had decided leanings for a career in the kitchen or as maids of all work. Most men, when thinking seriously of marriage, contemplate the idea of a life partner who will at least possess a sufficient degree of housewifely instinct to enable them to have a "home" instead of a caravan, and who will not be a total stranger to the now somewhat obsolete traits that caused their grandparents to live happily to the end of the journey.

With the divorce mills grinding at a futurity gait and with diabolical persistency, the discovery of factors potent in their power to clog the wheels of this modish and delectable industry gives joy and hope to the home lover. And as a contributing cause in the preservation of the home, nothing certainly wields greater influence than that furnished by a domestic, home-loving, reasonable wife. Not that the right sort of man wishes to transform his wife into drudge or to curtail outside pleasures of intellectual diversions, because he does not. And not that divorces are solely and invariably the outcome of the woman's frailties or uselessness in the home. Men furnish a large share of the family destroying germ.

The fact remains, however, and the belief is widespread and strong, that the home-making, home-staying, contented women, who love their husbands and family, are the greatest preservers and upbuilders of the family fireside and enemies to the Divorce Court. And in this respect it is refreshing to learn of a young woman, even one, who boldly declares for a real preference for cooking and sewing and other duties that the girl with the unsatisfied "longings" for a public "career" would scorn as being menial. Even though the girl who sews and cooks for her husband and children may perpetrate wonderful pastry and sometimes get a button in the wrong place, she is, nevertheless, of sterling value in the world, and the pity is she is not more frequently seen.

Everybody's View.

A multimillionaire marries a girl without money.

He and She. I love you.

Her Mother. I can turn up my nose at Mrs. Johnnie Tucker now.

Her Father. My little girl is too good for him.

His Mother. I hope she loves him.

His Father. He had such a future before him.

The Maid of Honor. I always thought she would get some man like him.

The Best Man. He's too good for her.

The Minister. Thank you.

His Former Flame. I could have had him.

The Other Debutantes. How did she ever get him? She isn't pretty, hasn't a cent and doesn't know how to dress.

His Partners. Now we will have to do all the work.

His Club Friends. There goes our money.

The Young Men. The lucky dog.

The Married Men. Another victim.

Those Who Were at the Wedding. Didn't the bride look sweet?

Those Who Read About it in the Paper. Another girl sacrificed at the financial altar.—Huntley Child in Life.

Gave No Warning.

On entering the stable suddenly the head of the house found the hostler and his own young son deeply engaged with the broken tail of a kite.

"How is it, William," he began, severely, "that I never find you at work when I come out here?"

"I know," volunteered his son; "it's on account of those rubber heels you're wearing now."

Jones—Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?

Johnny—No, sir. His office was locked.

Jones—Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you.

Johnny—There was a note on the door saying, "Return at once," so I came back.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"It is always interesting to watch them drop the pilot," said the girl who had travelled much.

"Yes," laughed the young man, "especially if you happen to be on an airship."—Chicago Daily News.

"Why don't you try to put more ginger into the campaign?"

"Ginger!" echoed Senator Sorghum. "The suggestion comes too late. Nothing can drown out the flavor of kerosene."—Washington Star.

Miss De Style—I stopped at a lovely place last summer; plenty of fellows; honest, I got four rings.

Miss Gumbusta—So? I didn't know there was a carousel out there.—Puck.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas H. Fletcher

A Double Play.

A London urchin ran into a baker shop and, placing a halfpenny on the counter, asked nervously and timorously: "Mister, 'ave you a 'alf penny buster (bun)?"

"Yes, my little man; here is one quite hot."

"Thanks, mister, would you mind a-shovin' it down my back."

"Down your back, my little man! Why down your back?"

"'Cos, sir, I'm only a little 'un, and if those chaps outside know I've a buster they'll take it, and I am so 'ungry, I am."

"Dear me, how wrong of them! Come around here, my little chap. There—there, it is down your back."

The boy ran off. In an instant another entered—a bigger boy.

"I say, mister, 'as a little boy just been in 'ere?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e buy a 'alfpenny buster?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e ask you to shove it down 'is back, as us big fellows would take it?"

"Yes."

"Yah! Where's your watch and chain? E's got 'em; 'e's just around the corner."

Out rushed the baker. In a trice the big boy collared the till and bolted.

The shopman never saw the comic side of it all.—Strand.

In the January Century.

The Hetchy-Hetchy Valley in the Yosemite National Park—to which wider attention has been attracted recently through the grant by the present Administration to the city of San Francisco of extensive portions of the great Yosemite National Park for use as a water-supply—will be the subject of description and discussion by John Muir in the January Century. It is a valley of rare beauty, and, the California naturalist declares, ought to be preserved.

The Century will begin publication in January of a number of letters written by Mrs. Sallie Coles Stevenson, wife of the American minister in London, 1836-41, giving a delightfully intimate view of the young Queen Victoria. Mrs. Stevenson was a member of one of the oldest and most prominent Virginia families, and a most gifted and accomplished woman. The position and personal attractions of Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson gained them admission to the most exclusive English society in town and country; and Mrs. Stevenson's letters present an interesting and attractive picture of English homes and the inner life of the aristocracy.

Mr. Cleveland's Conservatism in Academic Matters.

"Mr. Cleveland's conservatism in academic matters was far from being reactionary," writes Andrew F. West, dean of the Graduate School, Princeton, in the January Century, in his sympathetic appreciation of the late ex-president, entitled "Grover Cleveland: A President Memory." "Provided the old principals were kept, he was ready, more than ready, for new methods and improvements. The betterment of existing conditions, the doing well outside what was professed inside, provision for valuable and attractive instruction the conveying surely, generously and hospitably, to every student the full benefit of his college course, the relief of the struggling, the encouragement of the timid, stimulation to self-help, putting professors on decent living salaries, the housing and food and health of the students, the honor-system in examinations, the strictest care in spending revenues, the utmost aversion to any expansion involving the risk of speculative venture, the folly of intellectual vanity, the magic of the personal influence in teaching—these were the themes on which he talked, and which marked his attitude from the start."

Of Course Not.

One night at a theatre some scenery took fire, and a very perceptible odor of burning alarmed the spectators. A panic seemed to be imminent, when an actor appeared on the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "compose yourselves. There is no danger."

The audience did not seem reassured.

"Ladies and gentlemen," continued the comedian, rising to the necessity of the occasion, "confound it all; do you think if there was any danger I'd be here?"

The panic collapsed.—Sphere.

The Wearing of the Green.

That the styles in Porto Rico are quite up to date is evidenced by these remarks in a San Juan newspaper:

"Green is the thing.

"Ties, hats, spats, even garments are green. To be a sport one must be dressed in green.

"The new style ought to fill people who are out of a job with delight. Just consider how many suits which used to be black are now in the height of fashion!"

Lots of Places.

"What's the matter?" asked the policeman of the tramp. "Haven't you any place to go?"

"Any place ter go!" was the contemptuous reply. "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so many places ter go dat its worryin' me dizzy makin' up me mind which way ter start."

After the Call.

Don't you find Miss Tacit very dull?

"No, I find her quite refreshing. She never has any things to say." Most girls have nothing to say, and say it. Miss Tacit has nothing to say—and doesn't say it."

Substantial Realities.

"Does anybody believe in pipe dreams?"

"Well, I guess folks who have oil stock do."—Baltimore American.

New York city is now the clothing shop of the United States. Lower Fifth avenue is the center of the cloak and clothes manufacturing industry.

The Salvation Army has a factory in Europe where musical instruments are made for its members.

Nearly every man accepts this fiction: "Everybody knows me."

Good-Will and Peace.

The startled shepherds heard with fear
Out on the silence, sweet and clear,
A host of star-crowned angels sing:
"This night is born on earth a King."

They hear the herald angel's voice:
"Peace and good-will—all men rejoice;
Glory to God the world around,
For Christ is born—good-will abound!"

Shining o'er the horizon far
They see a brilliant, moving star
Guiding the wise men, with rare gems,
And gifts of gold and diadems.

The shepherds, all their fears at rest
Join with the wise men in their quest;
They find the mother, sweet and mild,
And on her breast, the little Child.

Not in a stately palace hall,
But in a stable, in the stall;
Warmed by the breath of oxen kind,
The Son of God the seekers find.

For every stricken heart we pray,
May there be love and joy today!
All pain and strife and sorrow cease,
Good-will to men—good-will and peace!

Henry Coyle.

December.

From Marguerite Merington's "Father Time and his Children" in January St. Nicholas.

There are snowdrifts by the wayside, there is writing on the pane,
Where Jack Frost has left a message about winter come again;

There's that tingling in the blood and there are sleighbells in the air,
There is coasting down the hills, and slipping, sliding, ev'rywhere;

There's a stocking by the chimney hung on Xmas eve because
There's a chance you'll have a visit from our old friend Santa Claus.

There's a bright star in the Heavens that proclaimed a wondrous birth,
When the Chosen Child of Children brought his Christmas day to earth;

There are mistletoe and holly in the woods to deck the hall,
Here's the Christmas spirit wishing Merry Christmas to you all!

Christmas.

Out upon a sloping hillside,
Passing seasons through,
With its emerald lovely leafage
Once a small tree grew.

Now beside the glowing fireside
In its pride it stands,
And the children coming nearer,
Stretch their eager hands.

As they sing in sweetest measure
Of the Christ Child dear,
He who brought to earth as treasure
All its love, its cheer.

Still His Star in brightest beauty,
Earthly eyes may view,
If they seek in truth and duty
As the children do.

And the song of loving angels
In the starlight echoing down,
Brings its ever fadeless message,
All earth's joy to crown.

J. B. M. Wright.

Merrimac, Mass.

Success.

It does not come by wishing,
It does not come by prayer;
But in the doing of thy task
Thy fate pursues thee fair.

Luck grants no blindfold favor—
No dreamy drone be crowns;
But slow and sure persistence
He always greets and owns.

Success is not a blunder—
A blessing by mistake—
Complain not if you miss it,
It comes not for your sake.

Well, do your work and rest not,
Give, asking not again;
The universe will widen
Unto your narrow ken.

Give love and life and labor,
And seek not but to bless.
Defeat and loss will teach you
Far more than mere success.

—Luella Clark

Winter.

From the January St. Nicholas.

Snowflakes flutter down from the clouds
And icicles hang from the eaves,
But the sleeping flowers never know,
And lie warm beneath the leaves.

The children polish skates and sled,
They never find it drear;
The house is full of spicy smells,
And Christmas-time draws near.

Vanity.

From the January St. Nicholas.

"Big bows, you know, are quite the style,"
Said Mary a little kitty;
"Now, who would ever dream that I
Could look so very pretty?"

For over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.—Amnilas.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. If these will take just one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after eating, they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and may continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill, remember.

The steel sleeping cars which the Pullman Company is building will weigh 25 per cent more than the present cars.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

Architects in many instances are specifying electric plate warmers in new houses being constructed.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

One thousand alligators, ranging from tiny ones to full-grown specimens were recently shipped from Louisiana to Los Angeles, Cal.

Palpitation of the heart, nervousness, tremblings, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made specially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

His Kind.

A straight victory is what Mr. Hadley hopes for. A straight victory, you know, is one without any crooks in it.—Kansas City Star.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas H. Fletcher

The Costly Brier Pipe.

"People don't understand brier pipe making," said a dealer. "If they did they wouldn't consider a five or six dollar brier extravagant. Did you know, for instance, that a brier pipe after its completion is put away to season for nine or ten years? French brier is the best material for these pipes. It isn't, though, brier, and it doesn't come from France. It comes from—etymologically speaking—the word 'bruyere,' which means 'furze.' French brier is really Italian furze root, a growth of the Tuscan Alps. The plant is as carefully cultivated as tobacco itself. All the sprouts and leaves are kept well pruned; thus all the sap goes to the root's nourishment. The root is cut when fully developed and boiled and dried before shipment. Afterward the pipemaker boils and dries it again. And when the pipe is finished he stores it away for further drying—a matter of eight years or so. The best brier pipe is one cut crosswise of the grain, and the grain should be birdseye. Such a pipe lasts a lifetime—can be handed down from father to son. Of course it's dear."

Only the Truth.

A virtue carried to excess may become ridiculous. To such action one may well preach. "Be temperate in all things," even in virtue. Amelia Opie, the English authoress, was not content with any half measures, as is shown in a letter from her quoted in "Quaker Pictures," by Wilfred Whitten. Mrs. Opie's course of conduct is to be respected as proceeding from her conscientious nature, but fiction readers may congratulate themselves that her opinions are not universal.

Before she became a Quaker she wrote fiction. After her conversion she was asked to contribute a story to a magazine. Her answer to the editor ran as follows:

"Thou knowest or ought to know that since I became a Friend I am not free to what is called to make a story. I will write a fact for thy perusal or any little matter of history or truth or a poem if thou wishest, but I must not lie and say such and such a thing took place when it did not. Dost thou understand?"

A Famous Story.

Every section has its famous story. A famous story that is being retold in Oregon is about a very rich banker who got his start by doing work for the government. His bill was $5,000, and it had to be submitted to congress. Congress has a habit of cutting its bills in two. To make allowance for this he jumped his bill to $10,000. He sent the bill to the governor for his approval. The governor, having also heard that congress generally appropriated only half as much as was asked, jumped it to $20,000. The bill was then sent to one of the congressmen. Being friendly to the contractor, he jumped it to $40,000 and sent it to another Oregon congressman for his approval. The second congressman jumped it to $80,000. Congress allowed the whole $80,000, although the contractor was entitled to only $5,000. This is told as a fact in Oregon. The man who got the $80,000 got his start on it and is now a millionaire.—Atchison Globe.

A "Lady" in Pepys' Time.

There were worse terrors than the matinee hat for the man who sat behind a lady in the seventeenth century theater, as recalled by the London Chronicle. At least, we may suppose so from Mr. Pepys' experience on Jan. 28, 1661, when he saw "The Lost Lady" for the second time. Nine days earlier that play had not pleased him much, partly perhaps because he was "troubled to be seen by four of our office clerks, which sat in the half crown box and I in the 1s. 6d." But on the second occasion the play did "please me better than before, and here, I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me." However, it was all right, for, "after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all."

In Different Sets.

It is but seldom, one imagines, that a good joke is made about an oyster. Edmund Yates, however, in his "Recollections and Experiences," relates one. "I was walking with Thackeray one evening from the club," writes Yates, "and, passing a fish shop in New street, he noticed two different tubs of oysters, one marked '1 shilling a dozen' and the other '1s. 3d. a dozen.'

"'How they must hate each other!' said Thackeray."

London's Bridges.

Few people are aware of the extent to which the city of London is bridged over. In all, it seems, there are no fewer than seventy-five bridges. Of these nineteen are railway bridges, three are bridges over roads (such as Holborn viaduct), and fifty-three are bridges which connect private premises.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Placing Him.

"May I ask you what your profession is?"

"Certainly, I cure people of the blues by hypnotic power."

"Oh, I see. You're what you might call a cheerupodist."

Mean.

Maud (before the laughing hyena's cage)—How provoking! Here we've been twenty minutes, and the hyena hasn't laughed once. Ella—Strange, and he's been eying your new hat too!

His Great Love.

She—Darling, do you love me? He (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly)—Do I! I wish you were a two headed girl. That's all I can say.—London Tit-Bits.

More Near-Wisdom.

"When you are getting double your share," advised the Punkville Polonius, "be satisfied."

"I will, uncle."

"And don't insist on putting your feet in the trough."—Houston Chronicle.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1908.

QUERIES.

6445. SHERMAN—Now when there is so much fuss in the R. I. origin of James Schoolcraft Sherman, and cousins are living on the homestead, I would like to know about the wives of Jonathan Sherman, b. Exeter, R. I. May 18, 1705: Son of Jonathan (3) and Mary ——, (who was she?) Benjamin and Hannah Mowry, Philip (1) Narragansett Hist. Reg. Vol. II, says Jonathan Sherman by wife Abigail had Benajah (5) & Joseph (5) (Benajah, b. 1728.) Rev. David Sherman says this Jonathan m. 1st. Feb. 5, 1726 Dorcas Sheldon. (He would have been but 21 years old then) and gives 1. Benajah b. about 1727, and 2. Joseph about 1729. By 2d marriage to Mary or Abigail Card dau. of Jonathan Card, he had 3. Jonathan (5), b. Oct. 14, 1731, a loyalist in Revolution, settled in Nova Scotia where he died July 4, 1816; m. 1st. —?, and 2d. Sarah Huntington, 1768, 4 Robert b. Feb. 7, 1734 d. March 24, 1748.

5. Abigail, b. Oct. 25, 1737, md. a Congdon (who was he?)

6. Gideon, b. Oct. 25, 1741, d. 1754.

7. Mary, b. Nov. 5, 1745 m. David Cottrell.

8. Robert, b. Sept. 8, 1752, d. Oct. 4, 1829, m. Hester Brown.

Did Jonathan Jr. b. 1705 marry both Mary and Abigail Card, and Dorcas Sheldon?

Benajah Sherman (Benajah was a Sheldon name) md. Martha Sherman who was b. 1738 and d. 1825, aged 87. Who was she?—S. W.

ANSWERS.

(CONTINUED.)

3. William Henry Howard, b. July 7, 1787; a Universalist minister later of other denominations, [illegible] by any creed, preferring best of all to be called a Quaker; at Erie Pa. in [illegible] he served as Secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. He was also a gifted singer; moved with his father's family in 1806 to Columbus, N. Y.; md. [illegible] Whipple, sister of his brother's wife; in Columbus he was a farmer and [illegible] until fire destroyed it. His wife d. leaving two daus. Cynthia Ann and Mary Matilda; he md. (2) Sarah Rawlins and had dau. [illegible] Ann and son William who d. aged 5, in [illegible], leaving his daughters [illegible] with friends in Columbus. He with rest of his family went to [illegible] Pa. Here he made plows and [illegible]; he d. June 27, 1862 in La Fayette, Ohio, at home of his dau. [illegible].

4. Peter Cooke Howard, (named for the father of his mother) b. July 18, 1789 b. Foster, R. I.; went to Columbus, N. Y. with his father's family in 1806; subsequently removed to Columbus, Pa. where he died Aug. 28, 1857; md. Elizabeth Dutton, b. May 28, 1790 dau. Ezra and Sarah (Blanchard) Dutton of Columbus, N. Y. who d. Sept. 20, 1866; had; Lysander; Ezra Daniel; William Martin; Melissa Hope Howard.

5. Dunbar Howard, b. Oct 3, 1791 in Foster, R. I., went with his father to Columbus, N. Y.; md. Mrs. Palmer, widow of Ezra Palmer; had one son [illegible] Howard.

6. Martin Howard, b. Aug. 21, 1793, in Foster, R. I., went to Columbus, N. Y. with his father in Nov. 1806; md. Lavinia Raymond, dau. of [illegible] Raymond, lived at Otselic, Chenango Co. N. Y., moved to Wayne, Pa. Sept. 1867.

Lavinia d. Sept. 12, 1853—aged 58, she died June 26, 1864, both buried at Wheeler, Erie Co., Pa. Children born in Otselic, N. Y. were: Mary Ann Raymond, md. John Dutton; Lorenzo Raymond md. Mary Taylor; Alonzo Raymond md. Lucy Baker; Howard Raymond md. Augustus Deane; Charles Raymond md. Sarah Bishop; Martha Maria Raymond md. William Bennett Howard; Philip Raymond md. Mary Gates.

7. Isaac Howard, b. Foster, R. I., Aug. 22, 1795; moved to Columbus, N. Y. md. 1820, Sally Bennett, dau. Simeon and Molly Bennett of Sherburne, N. Y. From Columbus, N. Y. he moved to Columbus, Pa. Oct. 1, 1832; Sally d. there Nov. 17, 1888; children born in Columbus, Pa. were: Mary Eve; William De Calvin; William Bennett, Ivory Fayette; Nancy Maria; Simeon D. Howard.

8. Philip Howard, b. Foster, R. I. Mch. 20, 1797; went with his father to Columbus, N. Y., removed to Sherburne, N. Y. then to Harmony, N. Y. where he died in 1876; md. in 1826, Elizabeth Lackey of Columbus, N. Y. she d. 1866; children were: Ellen Ann; Henry Crary; Mary Capron; Eliza; Isaac D; Sarah F. Howard.

9. Joanna Howard, b. Foster, R. I. Feb. 6, 1799; went to Columbus, N. Y. with her father, where she md. as his second wife July 4, 1821, Richard Dutton b. Aug. 7, 1779, twenty yrs. older than herself, son of Ezra and Sarah (Blanchard) Dutton; he d. Apl. 18, 1861; she d. Oct. 18, 1884; lived in Columbus, Pa., to which town they went Jan 18, 1826; children were: Sarah Ann Dutton; Israel G. Dutton; Alvin W. Dutton; Julia Ann Dutton; Giles T. Dutton.

10. Avery Howard, b. Foster, R. I., July 31, 1801; taken to Columbus, N. Y. in 1806 by her father; md. Oct. 1825, Rev. James Bacon Sherman, of Sodus Bay, N. Y., a Methodist preacher b. Jan. 29, 1804, d. at Columbus, N. Y., Mch. 29, 1866, she d. at Clear Lake, Warren Co. Pa., Mch. 2 1894. Children were: Adna Mary Sherman; Lydia Angeline Sherman; William George Sherman.

Hope Cooke, mother of these children, was the fourteenth child of [illegible] Capt. Peter Cooke, [illegible] No. [illegible] of "The Cookes of Rhode Island" published in Newport MERCURY from Feb. 2, 1901 to June 14, 1902, as to those owning those records this additional one of Hope Cooke will be valuable and do away with the statement of a member of her Cooke family that she was never heard from after she left Foster, R. I.—H. R. C.

Middletown.

The services which have been held at the Berkeley Parish House Sunday evenings since November first, are to be discontinued with the advent of the New Year. Cottage services will be held until after Lent.

The "E. J. Club," a private social organization, composed of members from Portsmouth and Middletown, are holding very enjoyable socials at Oakland Hall each week. The evenings are devoted entirely to whist and to dancing. The old-time dances of which little seems to be known by the present generation, are being revived with much enthusiasm. Music is furnished by Mr. Winnifred Carter, piano, and Mr. Augustus Allen, violin.

Services at the churches on Sunday last were held in commemoration of events pertaining to the coming of Christ and incidents relating to Mary, the mother of Jesus, and the birth of the Savior. Especial music was given at the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A service will be held at 10.30 Christmas morning at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel when the Rev. John B. Diman will preach.

The bell, which was ordered by the church committee for the M. E. Church at the Four Corners, arrived last week from the Meneeley Bell Co., Troy, N. Y., but owing to bad weather was not brought out. It arrived at the church early Monday morning and by noon had been installed in the tower. The work was done by six men in charge of Mr. J. K. Sullivan, of Newport, and was witnessed by a number of interested spectators. The bell weighs 1,000 lbs., is in the tone of B flat, and is made of an alloy of tin and copper, highly burnished. It is surmounted by an iron yoke which rests upon metal uprights between which it swings. It is fitted with a hammer and a clapper, one for tolling and one for ringing which is done by means of a large wheel which encircles the bell. It is inscribed "1908. The gift of Alfred G. Vanderbilt to the Methodist Episcopal Church, of Middletown, Rhode Island." As Mr. Sullivan's contract only called for the placing of the bell in the tower, the final details were completed by Mr. John Coggeshall. For very many years it has been the desire of this committee to have a church bell at the Four Corners, and a feeling of great gratitude and appreciation pervades the parish that they have not only an attractive new church fully paid for but the long desired bell as well, which has seemed to come as a Christmas gift.

Thursday coming so near Christmas, the regular meeting of Aquidneck Grange was postponed until next Wednesday, when the annual election of officers for the new year will take place. Mr. Lewis B. Manchester will furnish a quahaug chowder at the close of the business session.

The Seabochrome Dramatic Club will be entertained at whist Saturday evening by Dr. and Mrs. C. Edward Farnum at their home on Indian avenue.

Owing to the Christmas season the meetings of the Paradise and Oliphant Reading Clubs are omitted, also the Epworth League.

The Christmas tree exercises for the Berkeley Parish were held at the Parish House on Wednesday evening, and for the Methodist Episcopal Church on Thursday evening at the Sunday School rooms.

The five schools of the town closed on Thursday with appropriate exercises for a ten days' vacation.

Poultry raisers are continually suffering from the depredations of thieves in spite of the reward offered by the town. This, with the occasional damage done by dogs, and the high price of corn, makes the business a very discouraging one.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Morgan and family have gone to Europe.

Election of Officers.

St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M.

Worshipful Master—Robert S. Burlingame.
Senior Warden—David Davis.
Junior Warden—Henry Tilley.
Treasurer—George C. Lawton.
Secretary—Asa Ill [illegible].
Chaplain—William Champion.
Senior Deacon—J. Irving Shepley.
Junior Deacon—George DeWitt Congdon.
Senior Steward—P. P. Stewart Hale.
Junior Steward—William J. Garnett.
Sentinel—Louis H. [illegible].
Musical Director—Edward P. Lake.
Marshal—Frank P. King.
Tyler—J. Gottlieb Spingler.

In behalf of the Lodge Mr. George C. Lawton presented a past master's jewel to the retiring master, Captain William Champion.

Emma Rebecca Lodge, I. O. O. F.

Noble Grand—Ella S. Dunbar.
Vice Grand—Amelia Marsh.
Recording Secretary—Queenie V. Smith.
Financial Secretary—Fannie Dennis.
Treasurer—Ida Mosher.
Trustees—Lydia Clarke, James Barker, Emma Underwood.
Representative to Odd Fellows Home Association—Ella S. Dunbar.

Aquidneck Encampment, No. 5, I. O. O. F.

Chief Patriarch—Gerry L. Vickers.
High Priest—William R. Sisson.
Senior Warden—John T. Dolman, Jr.
Recording Scribe—Perry R. Dawley.
Financial Scribe—Allen C. Griffith, P. G. P.
Junior Warden—Gustavus Stimpson.
Trustees—John T. Dolman, Samuel Spears, John A. Gifford.

Newport & Providence Railway Company.

President—Edward A. Brown.
Treasurer—George E. Manchester.
Directors—Edward A. Brown, Middletown; John F. Hill, Augusta, Maine; Sumner Wallace, Rochester, N. H.; Maynard F. Bird, Rockland, Maine; Frederick S. Coggeshall, Newport; Melville Bull, Middletown.

Redwood Lodge, No. 11, Knights of Pythias.

Chancellor Commander—F. A. C. Stuart.
Vice Chancellor—William Lowndes.
Prelate—James H. [illegible].
Master of Exchequer—Everett I. Gorton.
Master of Finance—Samuel H. Otis.
Keeper of Records and Seals—Robert B. Franklin.
Master of Work—Frederick W. Kent.
Master-at-Arms—J. Kenneck.
Trustees—Past Grand Chancellor W. H. Langley, Past Chancellors J. G. Spingler and Everett I. Gorton.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

NEWPORT, December 26th, 1908.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of ANNIE W. [illegible], late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

[illegible]

NEVER WAS DEAR OLD SANTA so happy in all his long, long life. He fairly jumps with joy as he sees each smiling face bespeak the happiness his long years of toil have brought you. Never has he worked so hard, never have his efforts been crowned with such success. He's schemed and planned. He's brought you what you want. He's pinched and pinched and made the price to suit you. "They're on," says he, "for such crowds never came to my Fairy City before." Then he tickles his old, fat sides and laughs such laughs you'd laugh to see him.

MORRIS CHAIRS

USEFUL

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

That's the key note of Santa's great Xmas Carnival this year, and how much more satisfying it is—to give a gift that is not for a day only but for years, carrying with it each day the remembrances of fond friendships of years gone by. Is he right? Of course he is—then what more satisfying than

XMAS DESKS

Handsome little desks of beautifully grained quartered oak, highly polished and perfectly made at $6.00

Mission desks of solid oak quaintly designed for den or library $7.50

Combination Desks with drawers beneath in oak and mahogany finish $12.00

Handsome chairs of solid oak frames highly polished, with reversible cushions $6.25

Mission chairs in weathered oak with slatted sides and beautiful reversible cushions $9.00

Mission frames with broad polished arms and heavy claw feet—oak and mahogany finish with cushions $16.50

Solid mahogany desks of rich design and finish and aristocratic appearance $14.00

Solid mahogany desks with double drawers richly carved $25.00

Solid mahogany desks, reproductions of old colonial pieces with bookcase above $36.00

Solid mahogany frames with handsome reversible cushions in green or red $11.25

Solid mahogany frames richly designed with cushions $18.00

Solid mahogany frames with beautifully carved dragons for posts—complete with cushions $28.75

At SANTA'S XMAS STORE

A. C. TITUS CO.,

Open Evenings until Xmas.
225-229 THAMES STREET
NEWPORT, R. I.

TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM

Collector's Sale

For Tax Due and Unpaid.

Tax Collector's Office,
New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 19, 1908.

THE UNDERSIGNED, tax collector of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that he will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on SATURDAY, the 30th day of January, 1909, at 4.30 o'clock p. m. on the premises in said New Shoreham, the following described parcels of real estate, (of the levy upon which notice is hereby given) or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the tax assessed thereon to Mary G. Slade for the year 1908. Amount of tax for said year $[illegible], not including costs and interest thereon and costs and charges incident to this sale, for the non payment of which, said estate is to be sold. Terms cash. For a more particular description of said estate reference is hereby made to the assessor's assessment list of said New Shoreham for the year 1908, in the Town Clerk's office of said Town, and to a deed of said premises made by Henry Berg and Anna E. Berg to Mary G. Slade dated Nov. 26th, 1906 and recorded in records of Land Evidence of said New Shoreham, Vol. 18 at page [illegible].

SILAS W. MOTT,
Tax Collector.

12-19-4w

TOWN OF NEW SHOREHAM.

Collector's Sale.

For Taxes Due and Unpaid.

Tax Collector's Office,
New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 19, 1908.

THE UNDERSIGNED, tax collector of the Town of New Shoreham, hereby gives notice that he will sell to the highest bidder at public auction on SATURDAY, the 30th day of January, 1909, at 4 o'clock p. m. on the premises in said New Shoreham, the following described parcels of real estate (of the levy upon which notice is hereby given) or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the tax assessed thereon to Mary G. Slade for the year of 1907. Amount of tax for said year $[illegible], not including costs and interest thereon and costs and charges incident to this sale, for the non payment of which said estate is to be sold. Terms cash. For a more particular description of said estate reference is hereby made to the assessor's assessment list of said New Shoreham for the year 1907, in the Town Clerk's office of said Town, and to a deed of said premises made by Henry Berg and Anna E. Berg to Mary G. Slade, dated Nov. 26th, 1906 and recorded in records of Land Evidence of said New Shoreham, Vol. 18 at page [illegible].

SILAS W. MOTT,
Tax Collector.

12-19-4w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

NEWPORT, December 19th, 1908.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport Administrator of the estate of DORA FAGGELLA late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JOSEPH D. FAGGELLA.

12-19-3w

We have some

Splendid Bargains

—IN—

Second Hand Pianos

FULLY WARRANTED.

Barney's

Music Store

154 Thames Street

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. The cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.

Aid the Busy Clerks

Shop by Telephone

TELEPHONE ORDERS RECEIVE
PROMPT ATTENTION.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

NEWPORT, R. I. 142 SPRING STREET.
LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE.

Town of New Shoreham, R. I.

Liquor Licenses

APPLICATION has been made to the Town Council of New Shoreham for licenses to sell pure, nutritious, malt and intoxicating liquors by the following named persons and firms:

Winfield S. Dodge in { Building known as Yellow Kittens, East side of Beach avenue, near the East Harbor in said Town of New Shoreham.

Edgar H. Willis and August S. Swenson } in { Building known as the New Harbor Pavilion, at northerly terminus of Ocean avenue, in said New Shoreham.

The Town Council of New Shoreham will be in session at the Town Hall in said town on MONDAY, the 4th day of January, A. D. 1909, at 2 o'clock P. M., at which time and place persons objecting thereto may be heard or remonstrances presented against granting either of said applications.

By order of the Town Council of New Shoreham, Dec. 7th, 1908.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
Clerk.

12-20-3w

To Washington

AND THE

SOUTHLAND

Two Luxurious Trains

FEDERAL EXPRESS
COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service—you pass through New York without changing cars. This is a great advantage, especially to ladies traveling alone.

The route is by way of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, from Boston to Jersey City and thence via the Pennsylvania Railroad.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

SHOES

FOR EVERY NEED, AT

THE

T. Mumford Seabury

COMPANY,

214 Thames Street.

There is nothing that is so much appreciated as a book; therefore, why not give a book for christmas?

We would Suggest a Snowed-Up Christmas and Other Stories by E. Z.

Carr's,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

National Exchange Bank.

Newport, R. I., Dec. 14, 1908.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders of this Bank, for the election of Directors, and for such other business that may legally come before said meeting will be held Tuesday, January 12, 1909, at 1 p. m.

GEORGE H. PROUD,
Cashier.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., Dec. 7th, 1908.
Estate of William G. Sands

WILLIAM C. SANDS, Guardian of the person and estate of William G. Sands, presents his account with the estate of his said ward, for allowance, and the same is received and referred to the 4th day of January, 1909, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the [illegible]

[illegible]

Private Wires. Tel. 1830

B. O. GROSS,

COMMISSION STOCK BROKER,

Mercury Building,

Newport, R. I.

Correspondent of WM. IVES & CO., members of the New York Consolidated Stock Exchange.

Stocks and bonds bought and sold for cash or carried on margin.

[illegible]

THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL
POULTRY SCHOOL
OF THE
Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts

WEDNESDAY, January 6, 1909,

And continues twelve consecutive weeks. The curriculum includes every branch of poultry culture. We teach how to make a success of the business for utility or standard points. Both sexes. Any age over 17. Number necessarily limited. For bulletin with full particulars address

HOWARD EDWARDS, President,
Kingston, R. I.

11-21 8w eow

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Office of the

State Board of Public Roads.

The undersigned Board will meet at the Court House, Newport, R. I., Thursday, August 6, and each succeeding Thursday until further notice, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 p. m., to grant operators' licenses and to receive applications for registration of motor vehicles and motor cycles.

State Board of Public Roads.

[illegible]

For Sale or To Let

A FARM on east shore of Conanicut Island, containing 150 acres, bounded on Narragansett Bay.

BOATING, BATHING & FISHING

UNSURPASSED.

GOOD TILLAGE LAND.

Raise anything. Hard wood enough on the place for use. [illegible]

[illegible]